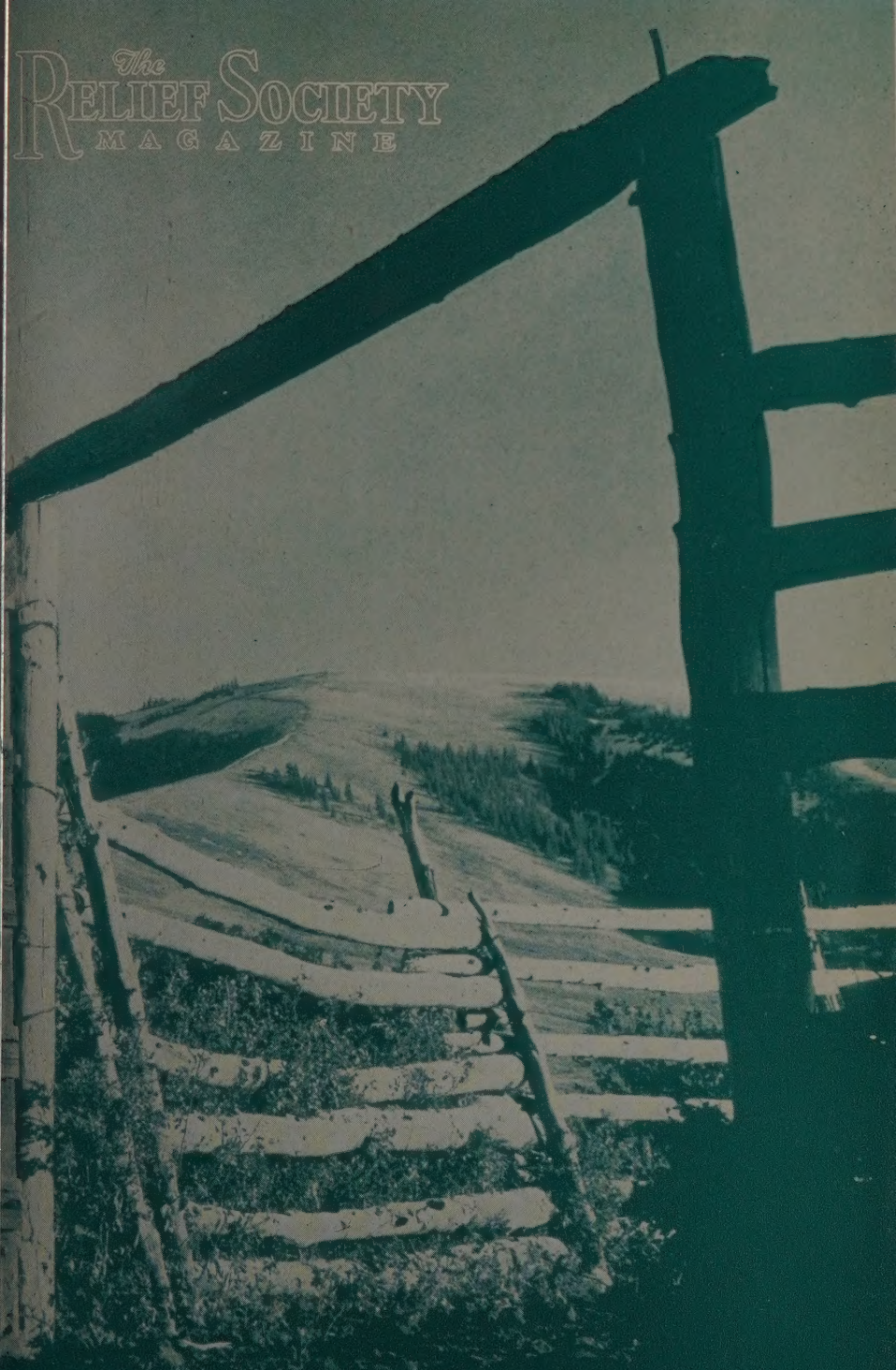
The Relief Society Magazine



L. 41 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 1954

Now That It Is Summer

Christie Lund Coles

I wish I were young now that it is summer,
To come upon the morning crystal cool,
To see the hesitant shadows move and quiver,
To catch the sky's face, soft upon the pool;

I wish I could find the meadows jeweled with sapphires,
Star-tears that fell upon them in the night,
To know the scent of clover, and the choirs
Of larks that soar delicately as light;

I wish I could climb the hillside mauve with heather,
And watch my beloved valley drenched in sun,
Dreaming it was my realm in this bright weather,
Where every childhood hope was wrought and spun;

Would each could find—in faith and penitence—
The golden summer of his innocence.

The Cover: "Mountain Pasture," near Albion, Cassia County, Idaho, Photograph by Harry Harpster

Frontispiece: "Snapdragons," Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Thank you for my award subscription. It was a pleasant surprise, and will mean a few more people hearing the gospel via the *Magazine* circulation.

—Ivy W. G. Holder
Stroud Branch
Bristol District, England

The articles in the May *Magazine* are all good. I especially loved Mabel Atkinson's "Anniversary Souvenirs." It makes me realize how often we discard the really important things, and they are forgotten. Caroline Eyring Miner's article "Never Cease to Grow" is fine food for thought. I read with a bit of regret that it was finished, the last of "The Deeper Melody" by Alice Morrey Bailey. I hope that she will continue to bring us many more fine stories.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

You don't know how delighted I was to see my poem ("Deserted Garden," page 297) in the May *Magazine*. The lovely old house is reminiscent of my father-in-law's old home in Alpine, Arizona.

—Matia M. Burk
St. David, Arizona

We do enjoy the stories by our writer Frances Yost. They make us feel good for days and lift the shadows from our spirits. Thank you for printing her stories. We know Frances. She is a fine person.

—Zetta H. Ormond
Bancroft, Idaho

I have heard a number of women in our Ward comment that the Relief Society lessons in all departments have been especially outstanding and timely this year. Through reading them I gain the same impression, which makes me wish that I might attend the meetings. I find the *Magazine* worthwhile in every way.

—Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

The May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* is full of interesting material, and especially good fiction. I am always glad to see a story by Frances Yost, since she is a particular favorite with me and with my friends. We hope this gifted, sensitive writer's work will appear often in our favorite *Magazine*.

—Mrs. J. H. Thomas
Shiprock, New Mexico

The article on poetry writing "Inspiration—Plus," by Maryhale Woolsey in the June *Magazine*, I really pored over, and it made me feel that it was not hopeless for me to think I could write poetry.

—Nellie B. Brenchley
Preston, Idaho

The Relief Society Magazine has always been a favorite in our home. It seems that the stories and poems are better than in any other magazine, and I enjoy the lessons very much.

—Elsie Trussell
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

I would like to thank the general board of Relief Society for the prompt delivery of the *Magazine*, which I always look forward to with the greatest of pleasure. It is a wonderful *Magazine* and an education in itself.

—Miriam Barber
Brisbane, Australia

I am sorry to say that I had never opened a *Relief Society Magazine* until I came out here in the mission field. It all started on a day I had to give a talk in a branch Relief Society on something that would be spiritually uplifting or faith-promoting. Now that my eyes have been opened to this great *Magazine* no person, male or female, should miss reading it from cover to cover.

—Elder Kay Endow
Hilo, Hawaii

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Fruits of a Living Faith

Elder Clifford E. Young

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

ON May the 26th of this year 1954, a very unusual exercise was held in the field house of the Brigham Young University. On this occasion fitting tributes were paid to a number of great men and women who had contributed much of their means and talents to the institution that honored them. Among the men honored for whom buildings were named were the late President George Albert Smith, the late Dr. Carl F. Eyring, and Professor Herald R. Clark. An unusual feature of this exercise was the honoring of a number of prominent women, many of whom have passed away and several of whom are still living, who have played an important part not only in the development of the Brigham Young University, but also in service rendered in the various organizations in the Church.

In times past, the loyal and heroic lives of women have not been publicized as they are today, especially in the fields of religion; and so it was a splendid gesture for the Brigham Young University to honor the women who were honored on that occasion. The Church has produced some very remarkable women—women noted for their great faith and who have been and who ever will be a source of inspiration to the Church as long as time endures.

Lucy Mack Smith was one of these women. Incidentally, she was among those honored at the exercises referred to above. **Lucy Mack** Smith was born in Gilsum, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, on July 8, 1776. Her mother is said to have been a fairly well educated woman. Her father was a soldier in the American Revolution. She grew up in the New England culture incident to her time. At the age of nineteen she met Joseph Smith, Sr., a devout man, whom she married on January 24, 1796. They resided in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. Here she reared a large family, her children being Alvin, Hyrum, Sophronia, Joseph Smith, Jr., who was to become the great Prophet of latter days, Samuel H., Ephraim, William, Kathryn, Don Carlos, and Lucy—seven boys and three girls. The early married life of Joseph and Lucy Smith was one of hardship and privation, and those trials were to continue with them throughout their lives. In order to better themselves they moved from Vermont to New York to the vicinity of Palmyra. It was here that their son, Joseph, in 1820, received his first vision. A remarkable thing, in connection with Lucy Mack and her husband, was the fact that they never doubted the story of their son, Joseph. It was a fantastic experience that he had to relate as he returned that beautiful spring morning from the woods to tell his parents that God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son had appeared to him in answer to his prayers. The boy was only fourteen years of age. Had there been any mental weakness in the child the

parents would have known it, and would have recognized it. They might not have publicized it, but they certainly would have known of it, and would have endeavored to have kept their son under control. Throughout her life Lucy Smith was to play an important part in, and wield a marvelous influence over the life of her son.

After the Prophet's martyrdom when many of the Smith family, not understanding the order of succession, turned to leaders other than the Twelve whom the Lord had designated to succeed in the leadership of the Church, Lucy never wavered, but remained true to her trust. Plans were made to have her join the pioneer trek to the West, and every effort was made for ways and means whereby the journey would be as free from hardship as possible under the then trying times; but Lucy, because of her age, decided to remain in Nauvoo. Under the direction of Brigham Young, a lot and small home were purchased for her, and she was made as comfortable as possible. She was also provided with a team and carriage. She, doubtless, decided wisely not to come West, but there is no record to show that she had any bitterness in her heart or antagonism toward Brigham Young or the Twelve who were now to lead the Church. She passed away on May 5, 1853, never denying her testimony nor her faith, but remaining true to the mission of her worthy son. She took no part with any of the factions that arose after the martyrdom of the Prophet.

AN interesting incident is related by Lucy Smith, showing a strength of character and teaching a lesson of thrift and economy to the whole Church.

At the outbreak of difficulties in Missouri in 1832, Joseph and Hyrum Smith departed from Kirtland for Missouri. Before leaving, the Prophet instructed Reynolds Cahoon to proceed with the building of a house which was to serve for both a meeting house and a school. Lucy relates in her *Life of Joseph Smith*:

> We were now unusually anxious to meet together as often as possible, in order to unite our faith and prayers in behalf of our brethren; but, for a length of time after they left, almost every meeting was broken up by a storm. In consequence of this, together with the near approach of winter, we began to urge upon Brother Cahoon the necessity of hurrying the building, but he said that he could do nothing about the matter, as he had neither time nor means . . . . Finally, I told my husband, I believed that I could raise the means myself to finish the building, and, if he would give his consent, I would try and see what I could do . . . . I then wrote a subscription paper, in which I agreed to refund all the money that should be given, in case it could not be appropriated to the purpose for which it should be subscribed . . . . Accordingly I continued to collect means and employ hands until the house was thoroughly completed even to the fastening of the doors; and when this was accomplished, there was but six dollars remaining unpaid, and this debt my husband afterwards discharged by the sale of produce.

What a lesson to all of us!

A word should here be said about Emma Smith. She suffered much and had many trials. She, too, bore a large family, but death came often to her household; sorrow was a major part of her life. She endured the hardships of Missouri. She saw her husband thrown into prison

with a possibility of being taken out on the public square to be shot with his brother, Hyrum. These experiences were more than a normal woman could bear. After much difficulty and hardship, she, with her children, reached Quincy, Illinois, where they were later joined by their husband and father. From there they moved to Nauvoo and established their home.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, Emma decided to remain in Nauvoo and, later, she married Lewis C. Bidamon. She died April 30, 1879 and was buried beside the Prophet.

Another great pioneer character was Mary Fielding Smith, the wife of Hyrum Smith. She was born in England July 21, 1801. In 1834 she came to America, settling in Canada where she became acquainted with John Taylor who was then a young Methodist preacher, and his wife. Brother Taylor became one of the first converts of Elder Parley P. Pratt in the Toronto area, and it was there that Mary Fielding joined the Church. Shortly afterwards, in 1837, she moved to Kirtland, and after the death of Hyrum's first wife, she was married to him and remained true and faithful throughout the balance of her life—another great soul who never wavered in her faith and confidence in the restored gospel.

She endured the sufferings incident to the Missouri persecutions, and then, in Nauvoo, was to pass through the harrowing experience of having her husband martyred with his brother, Joseph, in Carthage Jail. After the martyrdom when Brigham Young and the Twelve presented their case to the people as the authorized leaders of the Church, there was no question in Mary Fielding's mind as to which course she should follow. She remained in Nauvoo until February 1846, when she joined the exodus from Nauvoo and made her way with her fatherless children as best she could to Winter Quarters.

The story is told that one of the brethren of the company with whom she was to travel raised some objections to having a widow with five little children in his company. Mary Fielding Smith assured him that he need not worry about them, that they would make their own way; and make their way they did, her boy, Joseph F., driving an ox team across the plains, and she doing her part and giving direction to her youthful charges, as they trekked their way in the mud and cold. She was a marvelous woman, and her faith, her devotion, and integrity will ever be an inspiration to the members of the Church.

While Joseph Smith and his brethren were incarcerated in Liberty Jail, a room hardly big enough for an ordinary kitchen and under the most trying surroundings, it was to them that Emma Smith, with Mary Fielding Smith and other women, came to encourage their husbands and to assure them that all was well.

VERY little has been written about the devotion and faith of the early women of the Church. They suffered with their husbands and children. They were driven from their homes. Many times persecution was greater than it would seem they could bear, and yet they never faltered. President Clark has paid

a beautiful tribute to those of whom little has been written or of whom little is known in the founding of the Church and its establishment out here in the West. His talk given at the October 1947 Church Conference, published under the title, *To Them of the Last Wagon*, is a fitting tribute to the forgotten man or woman who was always willing, if necessary, to give his all for the benefit of the Church.

It is not my purpose in this article to attempt to write what has already been written so impressively but I do want to call attention to two remarkable women who represent thousands of such whose lives were devoted to the Church. I refer to Brother Widtsoe's mother. Here was a woman who was born and reared in Norway under a beautiful culture, a woman refined in every way, very spiritual, deeply rooted in the traditions of her people; and yet when the gospel found her and the witness came to her soul, she was willing to give up everything. She had previously lost her husband; so that she, with her two boys, were left alone to fight life's battles as best they could, and under these conditions the gospel message came to her, and she accepted it. Her sister was likewise impressed, and she, too, joined the Church. These two heroic women decided to come to Zion; and packing what belongings they could, they, with the two young boys, neither of them yet in his teens, came to America and on to the West to settle in Cache Valley.

The life of Sister Widtsoe reads almost like a fairy tale. Independent in her thinking and always devoted to the Church, she gave her two boys a spiritual background that was to be reflected in their later lives, one of them, Osborn J. to be taken in his young manhood, but not until he had left a lasting impression for the true and beautiful upon the students who were blessed to come under his charge in the old L.D.S. University. The other one, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, was destined to become one of the great leaders of the Church, and one of its great thinkers and interpreters of the truth.

In the founding of Nauvoo by the Latter-day Saints under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph, there were drawn to the Church some well-to-do families from the vicinity of Westchester, Pennsylvania—Pennsylvania Dutch these converts were called. Among these was the family of Bishop Edward Hunter, who for many years was the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Bishop Hunter sold his farm for a substantial sum, and with his wife and family, came to Nauvoo. On meeting the Prophet, Brother Hunter donated all the money he had to him for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

Another of these families was the Levi Riter family. His wife, Rebecca, was a Quaker. Her mother, Eliza Dilworth, was deeply religious; and Rebecca and her sisters grew up in the traditions of the Quaker faith—refined, cultured, and devoted to God as they understood his will. One day Mormon missionaries came to their home. They did not at first accept the message of the missionaries, but, after reading The Book of Mormon and after several weeks of careful thought and study, they were convinced that the

missionaries had given them the truth. When the mother of Rebecca Riter was to tell her husband, Caleb Dilworth, of the new-found truth, he issued an ultimatum that they could either denounce it or get out. It was a great decision for them to make, but the mother finally said that if that's the way it had to be, they would leave; and they packed their belongings and, leaving a good home, emigrated to Nauvoo.

AFTER the martyrdom of the Prophet, this Quaker family, with the rest of the saints, loaded their belongings into wagons and set out for the West. The Riters had two boys. Levi Riter, the husband of Rebecca, was a strong character and a man of faith, but he could not quite see the wisdom of leaving their home in Pennsylvania and going West, they knew not where. So one day on the plains of Iowa before they reached Winter Quarters, he suggested to his wife, Rebecca, that they go back to their old farm. He felt that it was a mistake to subject the two boys to the hardships which now faced them. No argument, however, could change the mother. A call from the leader had been a call from God, and he had said they were going to the Rocky Mountains; and to the mountains they were going. Finally, after this question had been argued back and forth, the mother suggested a compromise. In her quaint Quaker way she said to her husband, "Thee can go back if thee wants to, and when I get out to the West and have established a home, thee can come on." When the matter was discussed with the boys as to which they would rather do, go back to Pennsylvania to the old farm with their father or go on with their mother to the West, they chose the old covered wagon.

Here may I add that culture and refining influences do not stem from material things, excellent libraries, musical instruments, or the modern gadgets of today. They are found in the inner feelings of the heart, the expressions of the soul, just as they were found in that old covered wagon in which lived a great mother whose influence on her children transcended all the so-called cultures and refinements of our modern age.

Later on it was learned that a little child was expected, and the following June in a wagon on the banks of the Missouri River, a baby girl was born to this couple, and three days later the mother informed her husband that she was ready to go on, and on they came. Never again did the father suggest going back.

At Haun's Mill the brethren, fearing that the mob was coming and learning that it was the brethren whom they were after and not the women, fled into the woods, and the women were left to defend themselves as best they could. One of the heroines of that tragic event was Jane Bicknell Young, wife of Joseph Young, who stood in the door of her little cabin with her little three-year-old boy tucked under her apron to shield him and her year-old baby clasped tightly in her arms and defied the mob to enter her cabin.

It is this type of faith, this devotion, this loyalty that have made our Church what it is today. These

women were faithful supporters of the men in their ministry, and they suffered persecutions and hardships equally with their husbands. Women were driven out of their homes with their children, experiencing immeasurable anguish of soul and body; and someday, perhaps, we shall erect a monument to the thousands of women whose names are not heard of, whose faith and devotion made possible the establishing of the Church.

I close this rather incomplete and unsatisfactory narrative by paraphrasing a few words written by the late Franklin K. Lane as a tribute to the pioneers of the West. Mr. Lane was a native of California, a graduate of Stanford University. Early in his administration President Woodrow Wilson appointed Mr. Lane to his cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, where he served throughout President Wilson's administration:

They trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; fording swift running rivers; creeping painfully through rocky gorges; clambering up mountain sides; daring the limitless land without horizon; grinding their teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainting beneath the heat of the raw and ruthless sun, starved, thirsted, fought; were cast down, but never broken. *They never turned back.*

The Love of My Savior

Sarah Carlisle

I sat alone by the fireside
Thinking of days past and gone.
I thought of friends and surroundings;
I thought of loved ones and home.
Then over me came stealing an infinite gladness,
So deep, so serene, so divine—
It was the thought of the love of my Savior
Who had given his life for mankind.
My heart filled with joy and rejoicing
To think he did this for me.
Now I know I too must be giving
For all he has given to me.

The Source

Maude O. Cooke

From a fountain
Deep within one's soul,
Faith and courage flow,
Giving comfort,
Strength and power,
To rise above life's woe.

God Hears Every Prayer

Zelda D. Howard

No prayer is wasted,
None left unheeded,
God weighs them everyone,
He answers always
In the way that's best
For every praying one.

Costumed Models of the First Ladies

Melba S. Payne

"FOR years I have wanted to dress models of the First Ladies who lived in the White House," said Mrs. Marie Whiting of Springville, Utah. "Five years ago I visited the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., and my desire to create the inaugural gowns, displayed there on life-size models, was greatly stimulated. I had with me a booklet which contains photographs of these women, and, as I looked at the real dresses I noted every detail and wrote it down by the respective photographs. If anything was left out of the booklet I knew I would have it first-hand right there on the margin."

Being an expert seamstress and interested in designing clothes, Mrs. Whiting had confidence in her ability to duplicate the beautiful inauguration gowns. First of all, she knew she would need the models to dress. She confided her desires to her aunt and neighbor, Miss Zina Johnson who is also a hobbyist, being skilled in the art of ceramics. Miss Johnson immediately offered to make all of the dolls for Mrs. Whiting to dress.

"I was happy to do it," said Miss Johnson. "We stimulated each other, and, through our combined efforts, we were able to feel the thrill and satisfaction that come from doing truly creative work."

The little models made by Miss Johnson are eight inches high. She made one basic mold, then added more clay to the green-ware with which she could shape the arms and hair. In this way she could shape the arms differently and vary the hair styles, all of which she has done with amazing skill. After finishing the figures in this way, she baked them just once in her own kiln. There are thirty-five of these bisque mannequins, each representing a White House hostess. Most of them represent wives of the Presidents, but some are sisters, daughters, daughters-in-law, and even nieces, who acted as hostesses for the Presidents of the United States.

"I could almost feel their personalities as I molded their arms and styled their separate coiffures," said Miss Johnson. "You see, I could add or detract with the clay, and I tried to catch the spirit and physical characteristics of each First Lady."

Both Mrs. Whiting and Miss Johnson are students of art. Miss Johnson taught English and art in high school for several years. Both of these women have studied the lives of the First Ladies and have greatly enriched their own lives by so doing.

"These historic women seem like personal friends to me. Each one has her own individual appeal," said Mrs. Whiting. "Some of the dresses were much harder to make than others. For instance, it took me four hours just to sew the seed

THREE STAGES IN MAKING THE MODELS OF THE FIRST LADIES

Left to right: Mannequin as it comes from the mold; finished mannequin ready to be dressed, hair and arms added; dressed figure.

pearls down the front of the dress worn by Mrs. William McKinley, but Mrs. Warren G. Harding's dress was the most difficult," she added, "because I couldn't use a basic pattern. I just had to drape and cut. The dress worn by Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of James Buchanan, was the most elaborate one of all."

Mrs. Whiting is now beginning the work on the dress Mrs. Truman wore at the 1949 inauguration festivities. The description of this dress was sent to her by Mrs. Truman's secretary.

These fashions in miniature accurately reflect the period in which they were worn. Martha Washington, in her soft pink colonial gown and bonnet, makes quite a contrast to the American Beauty short formal worn by Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Then there is the shapeless narrow dress worn by Mrs. John Q. Adams, in contrast to the slender bodice and full over-skirt of yellow satin worn by Dolly Madison, wife of James Madison.

Mrs. Whiting is the wife of a busy husband and has four children to care for. She is also active in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in the civic affairs of her community. Her husband designed the clever carrying cases for the dolls. These cases are indispensable in caring for so many fragile pieces of art. Mrs. Whiting can safely take the dolls with her when she is invited to share with others the products of her work and study. She has shown these dolls in their beautiful gowns to more than sixty gatherings, and each time she tells about the life of each First Lady to her enthusiastic audiences. She received an all expense paid trip to Detroit, Michigan, as a guest of a large department store there. She

displayed the dolls in that store in the week before the inauguration of President Eisenhower.

"The best things about a hobby," concluded Mrs. Whiting, "are the people you meet and the interesting letters you receive."

She has received letters from doll collectors wanting to buy the dolls, and many congratulatory notes. Among her most prized ones are the warm friendly notes she has received from Eleanor Roosevelt and Mamie Eisenhower.

The consummation of this project in the home of Mrs. Whiting has had an educational effect on all of her family, and one can be sure that certain phases of the history of this great country will have a greater meaning for them now and in the future.

Ralph Snelson, Springville, Utah

COSTUMES OF FIRST LADIES OF OUR LAND

At left, standing, Marie Whiting, who made the costumes; at right, Zina Johnson, who made the models.

First Ladies, in the foreground, left to right: Mrs. James A. Garfield, in purple satin gown, with ruffled train; Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, in purple velvet, with gored skirt and puffed sleeves; Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wearing plum-colored brocade, with train; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, in white satin, with shirred trim around a narrow skirt; Mrs. George Washington (center, seated) in hand-painted, apricot-colored gown. Mrs. Washington wears a bonnet and carries a bag which she made; Mary Harrison McKee, daughter of Benjamin Harrison, in tan dress, with redingote effect; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, in red velvet gown, sleeveless, with flounces; Angelica Van Buren, daughter-in-law of Martin Van Buren, in deep blue velvet, with train and fichu; Mrs. William McKinley, wearing white satin, with train and beaded front panel.

Standing in second half circle, left to right: Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, in white

satin, with ruffled trimmings and train; Mary Arthur McElroy, sister of Chester A. Arthur, in a gown of silver and gray brocade, with front panel; Maria Monroe Gouverneur, daughter of James Monroe, in sky-blue silk, with overskirt trimmed in straw embroidery; Ellen Axson Wilson, first wife of Woodrow Wilson, in white chiffon, with brocaded overskirt; Julia Gardiner Tyler, second wife of John Tyler, wearing a gown with tiered skirt trimmed with multi-colored embroidery; Mrs. John Adams, wearing blue brocade, trimmed with a bertha, and holding a fan; Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in blue lace with train; Jane Irwin Findlay, chaperone for the daughter-in-law (widowed Jane Irwin Harrison) of William Henry Harrison, in mole-colored velvet, with white collar; Mrs. Grover Cleveland, in flowered silk, with bolero; Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of James Buchanan, in white moire taffeta, with full train; Mrs. Warren G. Harding, in white satin, with train, shorter in front; Sarah Yorke Jackson, niece of Andrew Jackson, in white brocaded chiffon, with satin bodice; Mrs. James Knox Polk, in brocade, with puffed and ruffled sleeves; Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, in silver brocade with full skirt and lace bertha.

Two models at left, in front of Mrs. Whiting: Mrs. Herbert Hoover, in light green satin, with overskirt and train; Emily Donelson, niece of Andrew Jackson, tan satin, with overskirt and bustle.

Two models at right, in front of Miss Johnson: Mrs. Millard Fillmore, wearing orchid taffeta, with brocade flounce; Mrs. James Madison, in yellow satin, with lace bertha collar.

Eight models standing at the back, left to right: Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson (second wife of Woodrow Wilson) wearing black velvet, with beaded train; Martha Johnson Patterson, daughter of Andrew Johnson, wearing a silk damask dress and a cloak of Algerian style made of cream-colored goat's hair and silk; Mrs. Edith Kermit Roosevelt (second wife of Theodore Roosevelt), wearing blue brocaded satin, and holding a book; Martha Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas Jefferson, white embroidered dress and Paisley shawl; Mrs. William Howard Taft in empire dress of white chiffon, embroidered in goldenrod pattern; Elizabeth Taylor Dandridge, daughter of Zachary Taylor, wearing silk plaid, with full skirt; Mrs. James Monroe, in white flowered brocade, with saque overskirt; Mrs. Franklin Pierce, wearing black net with silver dots.

(Not included are the models of Mrs. Harry Truman and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower.)

Jacaranda in Bloom

Ethel Jacobson

Heavenward, heavenward the great tree stretched
Wide, wide arms, flower-etched,
Aching with blooms a rarer blue
Than heaven itself ever knew.
The dancing blossoms clustered high,
Garlands to veil the paler sky,
Bells of sapphire to swing and fall
Till a petaled carpet covered all . . . .

Till earth and tree were the hue of heather,
Hyacinth, periwinkle, martin feather,
Mist at morning, hovering, clinging—
Color of silence, color of singing.
The wind shook another panicle free
And a housewife frowned, "What a dirty tree!"
And, striding across the scattered bloom,
She hurried in and fetched a broom.

Dependable Jane

Myrtle M. Dean

JANE smoothed her shining hair that swept up from her forehead in soft, brown curls. For a moment she stood before the big mirror that covered the wall above the mantel, then smiled and pirouetted, sending her full skirt out in pretty swirls as she watched her trim figure in the glass. She had just put on her blue, silk print dress. The blue of the dress was almost the color of her eyes.

Suddenly Jane stood still and turned toward the door. For a moment she stared, as though some unwelcome visitor had appeared. "Pride goeth before a fall, Janie." Jane heard the words as plainly as though Aunt Martha Jane had been right there saying them, instead of down at Brentville, fifty miles away.

Jane shrugged her shoulders and forced a little laugh. "Now, Jane Martin, don't be speaking Aunt Martha Jane's lines for her," she said half aloud; but she knew those were the exact words Martha Jane would have said, had she caught her preening before the mirror.

She reminded herself aloud, "Remember what you told yourself when you landed at Avondale, Janie. You are a new Jane now; new town, new people, and best of all, your husband has a new job, and you are *not* to be known as the old Dependable Jane up here either."

Jane smiled as she remembered how proud she and Steve had both been when he had taken her down to his new office for her first time. Steve had looked so happy, and as they went up the steps he had looked down at her smiling expectantly.

"Oh, Steve, look, Strebel and Martin, there on the door in gold letters! Isn't it wonderful!" she had exclaimed proudly.

"See, there is more there, too," Steve said, beaming.

They read the rest together, "Attorneys at Law." She and Steve had laughed together like two children. They were remembering the days of struggle they had gone through ever since they were married. When Steve had come home from a mission to England, he had gone into the army, and, after that, through law school. Kathy and Michael had come to them during the school years.

"Remember all the nice beef stew we had, made from Sunday's roasts, and the nice soft bed we slept in, the living room couch let out for two?" Jane tried to smile, but her face was half serious, remembering, as Steve spoke.

"And was it Mrs. Murphy, that you walked in on, thinking you were in our house?" Jane asked, laughing.

"It was those houses all set in a tight row, and all painted white with a tiny porch on the front; and was Mrs. Murphy ready to call the cops! We can laugh now it's over, can't we, Janie?"

"It's going to be different now, Steve," Jane said seriously.

Steve's eyes grew thoughtful for a moment, "I'm still scared, though.

A new job in a new town, and I'm just not the sort that can sail on someone else's steam; I've got to do things for myself. Strebel took me in, now I want to show him that I can be more than a fixture about the place." Steve ran his hands through his dark hair, and pulled his brow into a worried frown.

"Strebel took you in because he needed you. You were highly recommended to him by your school. You'll make good, too. I'm sure of it." Jane took Steve's hand in both of her own.

"Thanks, Janie, I'll do it for you, and for Kathy and Michael."

IT had been only a few weeks since then, and Jane was proud of what Steve had accomplished. Tonight they were celebrating; not the way that Steve had planned, but at home with the children, and all dressed up. That is why Jane was wearing her new, blue silk print; it was Steve's favorite.

"Hi, hon, how about a date for dinner tonight, at the Sunset Inn, or maybe we should go dancing?" Steve's voice had been bubbling over with happiness when he called her that afternoon from the office.

"Steve, are you all right?" There was surprise in Jane's tone. She remembered how they had wrestled with their account book last night for hours, trying to figure how to make ends meet until payday.

"Really Janie, I'm serious. I want to celebrate. I just got my first big case for the firm, all on my own. A big shot from the ridge walked in and asked for Steve Martin, and that's I, darling. I've been pulling hard to bring that oil case our way."

Jane had loved the sound of his voice; the sureness of it, after all his doubts, but they must wait awhile to celebrate. "Listen, Steve, dear, you remember last night, well, the budget doesn't balance any better today. We'll just have to wait awhile."

"Guess you are right, Janie," he said, but his voice had gone flat.

Jane almost hated herself for letting the old Dependable Jane crop up. It would almost be worth spending their last dollar, but she said, "You see, there would have to be a girl to stay with the children, too, and, Steve, I'd love fixing something special and celebrating here." She knew her own voice sounded deflated.

"O.K. I'll see you at five-thirty." Steve had tried to keep his voice bright.

Jane was glad that Steve seemed to feel really gay at dinner, and she was sure that they both ate more than they would had they gone to the Sunset.

Sitting in the living room after dinner, Steve said, "It's a good thing I have you, Janie, to keep me from going overboard. You're the one who has taken the raps all along. With me first in the army, then in school, you had most of the responsibility of the children, too." Steve drew her close as he spoke. "You are so dependable," he finished.

Jane straightened suddenly, and sat silently for a moment, her lips set in too tight a line for Janie's. "Please don't say that word here, Steve," she said. "Down at Brentville, I was always Dependable Jane, and that meant I was the town lacky; to head the committees on fund dinners, to sub for a teacher, to hurry down to the Red Cross

center, or fill in at a party on a moment's notice."

Jane saw the surprise in Steve's eyes at her outburst, and he said, "To me you are just my Janie, but by those who called you Dependable Jane it was meant as a big compliment. Everyone in Brentville loves you, Janie, just as they will here when folks get to know you." Steve tweaked her ear and tried a grin at her, but her face was still solemn.

"Why did Mother and Dad have to name me for Aunt Martha Jane, anyway? Everyone, including Aunt Jane, expects me to be like her, always good and dependable; at least up here she can't always be quoting her aphorisms at me. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' if a button is off. 'Wilful waste brings woeful want.' 'Birds of a feather,' and 'Water always seeks its level,' and all the others."

"Aunt Martha Jane was reared on pioneer rations, Janie, but, in spite of it all, she is an old dear."

"I'm sorry, Steve. I've spoiled the evening, and this was supposed to be a celebration," Jane said sincerely.

"We must get acquainted with our neighbors. You'll soon have lots of friends here, and with our Church activities, I'm sure we will like it fine," Steve said.

THIS reminded Jane that the Relief Society president had asked her to teach the literature lessons for the coming year, and she had made all kinds of excuses.

"I have the children, and they take their nap in the afternoon," she had said.

"We have a nursery, and an excellent girl to care for the children; and there are so many fine women, I'm sure you'd enjoy mingling with them," the president had persuaded.

Jane had finally refused, but not without a twinge of conscience. To herself she had reasoned, surely one deserves a rest after doing all I have done for so long. Yet she knew that Steve would be hurt if he knew, so she had decided not to tell him.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Steve said. "They have asked me to work with the Scouts this fall; so I will be right back in the old groove." His eyes shone bright with pleasure.

Jane thought of all the time that Steve used to spend with the Scouts down at Brentville, and how he would be now, with a troop of boys walking over her rugs, and twisting about on the new chairs and living-room set. She saw that Steve was looking at her, waiting for her comment.

"Do you think you will like that job here? It takes so much of your time, and with your work, you've just got to make good," she said uneasily.

"I'm still a boy at heart, Janie, and the boys have to have someone to look after them. You know our Michael is going to be a Scout one of these days," Steve spoke thoughtfully.

Jane felt a bit uncomfortable, and changed the subject. "One of the neighbors called this afternoon; the lady that lives in the red brick house a few doors down," she told him.

"What is she like? You'll like her I hope."

"Her name is Mary Carson, and she's a nice person; nice—and *dependable*." Then, noting Steve's sly look, she added, "Like me." She wrinkled her nose at him, and

smiled. "She brought a plate of cookies for the children. She has two children, a boy and a girl."

"I like her already," Steve said, looking pleased. "And isn't there one cookie left for me?"

Jane brought the remaining cookies, and they munched them together as they talked. She was glad that Steve's enthusiasm returned as they spoke of his work.

A few evenings later, Steve came from work, and found Jane bubbling over with excitement. "What do you know, Steve?" she exclaimed starry-eyed. "Mrs. Darcy has asked me to be a guest at her club next Tuesday. Her husband owns the biggest department store in town; and Mrs. Cline, the banker's wife, will be there, and Mrs. Lane, she operates a travel bureau. I've just been dying to see inside the Darcy house," she ran on breathlessly.

"Hum . . . my little Janie, with all the elite of the town," Steve said, but with less enthusiasm than Jane had wished.

"I hoped if I met the right people it might bring business your way," she confessed earnestly. "These women are the social arbiters of Avondale."

"We don't want to try too hard for business," Steve answered, and Jane felt that there was a note of reproof in his voice, as well as a serious, puzzled look on his face.

Jane's face flushed with disappointment. She decided to try another topic, one she knew Steve would be interested in. "David Graham has just returned from his mission to England, he is to be the speaker in Church next Sunday," she told him. England had been Steve's mission field, too.

IN Church on Sunday as Jane watched Steve's shining eyes as they listened to the missionary, she thought, Steve will never change; his Church will always be first, and a deep love filled her.

"They were the most wonderful years I ever spent, those two and a half I spent in the mission field," the elder was saying.

They all say that. Steve said those very same words, Jane said to herself.

"It is serving others that brings happiness, and serving God brings the greatest happiness of all," David Graham went on, then he said, "serving in the Church is not a labor but a privilege."

Jane was quiet and thoughtful as they drove home. "Serving in the Church is not a labor, but a privilege." Impatiently she tried to push the words out of her mind, but they kept coming back. Why should my conscience keep nagging at me? I've worked in the Church all of my life.

Steve seemed to be lost in his own thoughts, too. When he spoke his voice was vibrant with emotion. "Elder Graham says that the whole Lester family joined the Church soon after I came home, and they told him I was the one who converted them. There are several others who have joined that I contacted while there. Oh, Janie, it makes me feel wonderful to think I have helped a few to see the light."

A full moon was peeking over the tall hills to the east of them, and cottony clouds floated about in the sky. There was the spicy tang of autumn coming to them from the foothills, where the oaks and maples

were beginning to show bright coloring. Jane looked over at Steve; the moon shone bright on the tip of his nose. She moved close and laid her hand on his arm. A smile curved his lips, and there was a look of contentment and peace on his face.

ON Tuesday afternoon, Jane saw Mary Carson drive by on her way to Relief Society meeting. Her two small children were tucked in the seat beside her. Jane knew Mary would be giving the lesson today, for she had told her that she taught the theology lessons. Jane recalled vividly one of the lessons she had heard last spring, down at Brentville. It was, "Lehi, Man of Visions." It had given her such a wonderful feeling; especially the vision of the tree, which represented the love of God; and the rod of iron that led to the tree. This rod was the word of God. Jane had felt, then, that she would always cling fast to the iron rod and follow the narrow path, so she would not get lost in the mists along the way.

Jane looked at the clock. She must hurry. In a few minutes a girl would be coming to take care of the children while she went to Mrs. Darcy's club. Now she tried to push the thought of the vision out of her mind. All forenoon she had been so anxious to meet Mrs. Darcy's friends and see her home, but now a scared feeling settled in the pit of her stomach.

She arrived a few minutes early. She thought she had never seen anything so lovely as Mrs. Darcy's house. It was ultra modern, the long, windowed walls, the unique planter boxes, the rare pictures and lovely draperies, and the fine furniture. It was all so convenient and beautiful. She wanted to stand and admire everything. Then a sick feeling went through her as she noted there were ash trays on the tables in the living room. She knew that in hers and Steve's home, no one could expect to use an ash tray. Mrs. Darcy was friendly, but asked to be excused to finish preparing the refreshments. She said the lady that was to come to help her had been detained on account of an accident to one of her children.

"Let me help; I'd be glad to," Jane offered quickly, then thought, there I go with my Dependable Jane assistance, at my first party in Avondale.

"Oh, I would appreciate it so much. There are just a few things to finish," Mrs. Darcy said, and Jane followed her into the kitchen.

Jane helped set out the food on pretty glass trays. There were dainty canapes, and crisp salads, then tiny frosted cakes, and a drink in sparkling crystal goblets.

Jane listened to the women chatting as they ate their food, and the certainty came to her that she could not be one of them. She was in a hurry to get home, but she would have to stay it out. She thought of Steve's look when she had told him she was invited here. She thought of Mary Carson and her Relief Society lesson. She thought, too, of Aunt Martha Jane. Aunt Martha Jane thought social clubs were an utter waste of time, at best.

As she reached home, she saw that Steve's car was in the driveway. Panic filled her. Had something happened to one of the children? It was not time for Steve to be

home. She wondered if the girl had called him from his office.

She hurried up the steps, her legs weak and shaky. Steve met her at the door.

"Is something wrong?" she asked

Steve's smile told her things were all right, but he did not answer her question; he led her into the house. But her relief in finding the children all right was quickly displaced by dismay, for there in the big gold rocker, in the corner of the room, sat Aunt Martha Jane.

FOR a moment Jane stood speechless. Of all the inopportune times for Aunt Martha Jane to come, it was this moment. Finally, Jane gasped breathlessly, "Why, Aunt Martha Jane!" Then, realizing that her face must be revealing her feelings, she tried to smile.

"Aunt Martha Jane called from the station, and when you were not here, she called my office," Steve explained, noting Jane's discomfort.

Had Steve explained to her aunt where she had been? Jane wondered. And another thing, what could she rake up in a hurry for dinner? She had planned on just serving leftovers tonight. At any moment she expected Aunt Martha Jane to come out with some proverb, such as, "A virtuous woman looketh well to the ways of her household." But, instead she was hurrying toward her with a big smile on her face. She kissed Jane on the cheek.

"I've missed you, no end, Jane. Everyone in Brentville has missed you both," she said, and her eyes were moist.

Jane gave her aunt a pat on the shoulder, and found herself saying, "I've missed you, too, Aunt Martha Jane; I've missed you all," and there were tears of happiness and real homesickness running down her cheeks. She stood back and took a good look at her aunt. What she saw in her face was true goodness and dependability, and at that moment Jane decided that to be like Aunt Martha Jane would be wonderful, after all.

Jane looked over at Steve, expecting to see amusement on his face, but he looked at her proudly, and very seriously. "Oh, Janie," he said, "the Relief Society president called a few minutes ago, and wanted to talk to you. She said something about she hoped you had changed your decision."

Without explaining, Jane said, "I have changed my decision. I'll call her in the morning."

Son Flowers

Louise Morris Kelley

Dance under wild plum's windblown froth;
Dream where the dogwood grows.
With orange blossoms plight your troth
Or serenade a rose;
Wear orchids—but son flowers for me . . .
Plucked by a boy of half-past three!

Washington State Wonder—Soap Lake

Marijane Morris

SOME fifty-two miles south of the gigantic, man-made dam, Grand Coulee, in the State of Washington, lies a small lake, 1073 feet above sea level, three miles long and one mile wide, that is right out of our dreams.

Not the kind of dream, however, that pictures moonlight and music and romantic waters; but the kind of dream that sometimes borders on the ridiculous, like walking barefooted down Main Street.

We could, in this dream, bathe in a lake of soapy appearing water. We could frolic on sun-bathed beaches in "soapsuds" to our knees. Then we could make our dream come true, for such a lake does exist. Its name—Soap Lake.

To be more specific about its location, it lies at the southern entrance to the Grand Coulee in north-central Washington, 165 miles east from Seattle; west from Spokane, 120 miles; north of Pasco, 110 miles.

Long years ago it must have been

Courtesy, Bureau of Reclamation
Ephrata, Washington

DRY FALLS, NEAR COULEE CITY, ONCE A HUGE CATARACT IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Courtesy, Bureau of Reclamation
Ephrata, Washington

SUDS ALONG THE SHORE OF SOAP LAKE, WASHINGTON

a delight to the Indians who first discovered its remarkable powers. They had great respect for its wonders. They called it "Smokiam," which has a literal meaning of "healing salts."

The area itself is unusual and unique. It is exciting country, almost pre-historic with its somber basalt cliffs. To the scientist it is a treasure of geological information written in the rocks. It is sometimes referred to as "the Eighth Geological Wonder of the World."

Part of the immediate section surrounding Soap Lake is Dry Falls. Once tremendous cataracts in the Columbia River thundered over these falls during the last ice age.

In the vicinity of Soap Lake and on its sunny beaches during most of the year unequaled sunshine prevails. The atmosphere is desert in nature in that it is free of dust and allows a superabundance of ultraviolet rays to reach the earth and the mineral water of the lake.

The chemical content of the lake is interesting. It goes like this: oil, silica, sulphate, carbonate, bicarbonate, chloride, organic nitrogen, nitrite, nitrate, phosphorus, fluoride, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, iron, copper, rubidium, and lithium, with sodium and carbonate having the highest per cent solids.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ADVANCEMENT: The ladies who have recently graduated from Dr. Ellis R. Shipp's School of Obstetrics are Mrs. Matilda Swenson, Mrs. Mary Ann Hamlin, Mrs. Leona Benson, Mrs. Marina Hansen, Mrs. Eliza Smith, Mrs. Mary Midgley, and Mrs. Sarah Vance. These ladies have shown marked integrity in their studies, received certificates of proficiency and we believe go forth to extended spheres of usefulness, and will in their respective localities fill a long felt want . . . . Truly their mission is one of the most grand and noble! One filled with daily and homely self-sacrifice, one to call into action the better part of their natures, their stern energies, and their soft and tender emotions . . . . This knowledge should be a component part of every woman's education. Let the minds of our daughters be cultivated and adorned with all the beauties of art, music, and literature, but let domestic science with the care and nursing of the sick, become an essential, aye an indispensable part of their accomplishments.

—H.

MEDITATION

. . . And forever, and ever unfailing,
Is the wealth of that infinite love,
Through all life and all being pervading,
Which proceeds from our Father above.
But the life-giving means is the marvel
The mystery, past knowledge and skill,
No man can the secret unravel,
It abideth in God, at His will.

—E. B. W.

NOTE FROM TEASDALE, WAYNE COUNTY: Although we are far away from your beautiful city, and only few in numbers, yet we enjoy the spirit of the Lord in our meetings, and we are trying to do our duty and adhere to the counsel given to us, in storing up grain, and studying the Lectures on Faith and storing our minds with good and useful knowledge, and trying to live as becomes Latter-day Saints and mothers in Israel . . . .

—Mary E. Adams, President, Teasdale Relief Society

ADMISSION OF UTAH: Another star is to be added to our flag by the admission of Utah as a State. Utah . . . has a record of industry, unequaled by any other state in the union. From dry, desert wastes, to fertile farms, it has been changed by . . . industry in the space of but forty-seven years.

—Louis E. Granger

A REMEMBERED EXHORTATION

Hold up your heads! My Sisters! Speak!
And sing! That you may be heard!
Watch the swelling throat and open beak
Of the joyous little bird . . . .

—L. L. Greene Richards

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ELDORA JOHNSON MAUGHAN, Preston, Idaho, a Latter-day Saint mother of seven children, was selected as "Idaho Mother of 1954." A devoted Relief Society worker and active in other Church work, Mrs. Maughan accompanied her husband on a mission to New Zealand and taught school at the Maori Agricultural College. She has served in many civic positions of responsibility, including vice-president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and delegate to the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural departments.

MRS. PHILIP F. La FOLLETTE, wife of former Governor La Follette of Wisconsin, has organized in Madison, a Woman's Service Exchange, especially to help older women to find jobs where their particular experience and abilities will count. Women up to sixty, or older, some without high school education, ex-teachers, and office workers find employment which can fit in with their special home situations.

VESTA P. CRAWFORD, Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, was presented with a distinguished service award from Brigham Young University on Alumni Day, June 5, 1954.

ELDA NEVES STEINER, Kaysville, Utah, and her daughters Connie, Berdine, and Carolyn were recently presented by Frederick Dixon in a recital for piano forte in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Steiner, formerly of Pleasant Grove, gives of her talents for Relief Society. She received her first music lessons from her mother, Mary C. Neves, and she has given her own daughters much of their musical instruction.

MRS. OSCAR A. AHLGREN President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in an address to women journalists, urged them to be positive in their attitudes; to be, for example, not merely against Communism, but for Americanism; to play down the story of a drunken teen-ager and play up the wonderful work of the 4-H Clubs; to give little space to a sensational divorce and much to the fact that religion should be taught in our schools.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Lovinia Sylvester Berry, Hurricane, Utah, one hundred; Mrs. Elizabeth E. Spackman, Ogden, ninety-five; Mrs. Agnes G. Branch, Salt Lake City, ninety-four; Mrs. Caroline Clark Rigby, Bancroft, Idaho, ninety-one; Mrs. Sarah Jane Anderton Perkins, Woods Cross, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 AUGUST 1954 NO. 8

Conversation in the Home

ONE of the most sacred obligations placed upon Latter-day Saint parents is the rearing and the training of their children in righteousness. Today, parents face greater competition in this sacred duty than at any time in the history of the world.

Pick up the newspaper, what do we read? Sensational headlines, the text following with the gruesome details. Turn on the radio, what do we hear? In quick succession stories of murder, mystery, violence, and crime. Flip the dial on the television set, and we are lucky if a most persuasive voice or a popular performer does not invite us to indulge in practices not in keeping with gospel standards.

We cannot keep this competition completely out of our homes, but we can nullify, to a degree, the effects of such reading, hearing, and seeing, on our children, with influences that will successfully counteract their ill effects. It can be done, but only with thoughtful, prayerful effort.

Possibly our greatest success will be achieved through the conversations which we have with our children, and the discussions which we carry on in our homes. One can listen to a group of children and determine by their talk many of the characteristics of the conversation in their homes. The ones reared where sensational subjects are constantly aired, may frequently echo some of the scandal and tragedy of life. They may, in general, lack refinement and, often, not have a desire to seek the best and exclude the worst.

The more cultured and better educated people become, the more they refrain from discussing sensational details of domestic difficulties, thefts, and sordid crime. We should keep our children from this side of life by presenting to them the best that is in the newspapers, and help them to become discriminating in what they watch on television and what they listen to on the radio.

Discuss with your children the wonders of nature, the accomplishments of men of science and invention, the things of God—children are interested in these things. Also, the conversation of a family should include something more substantial than local gossip. It has been said that small minds discuss people, average minds discuss events, superior minds discuss ideals.

Tonight, before you fall asleep think back over the subjects that were discussed in your home today, especially those things that were discussed in the presence of children. Did they reflect a positive, joyous attitude toward living? Did they stimulate a desire for the worthwhile things of life? Did they ex-

pand the children's mental capacities and broaden their intellects? Did they inspire each one to resolve to live a more Christ-like life? Whatever we would have our children become, we should strive to exhibit in our own lives and in our conversations.

Just as we plan the balanced meals for our children's physical health, we should plan likewise to build up their mental strength by supplying good literature and good wholesome ideas that grow out of the daily discussions they hear.

—V. N. S.

Manna

Mabel Jones Gabbott

And when the dew that glistened all around
Had lifted from the wilderness of Sin,
The manna lay like hoar-frost on the ground,
White as snow, where snow had never been.

They gathered it at morning, fresh as cress;
It was their strength, their faith, their bread to eat;
Each took his daily need, no more, no less;
Like wafers made with honey, it was sweet.

So is your love, my dear, a gift from heaven,
My staff of life, my sustenance, my trust;
As fragile as the dawn, love is the leaven
Of each day, and I like Moses' children must
Refresh it often—gladly give, glad-given,
Lest hoarded love, like manna, turn to dust.

Two Together

Agda Gronbech Harlow

Two children trudge the meadow path at dusk
And reach the hill together,
Hand in hand.

Two pigeons swoop together to the barn's gray loft,
And soar to touch the evening,
Wings abreast.

Two fleecy clouds sail onward through the night
And find the moon, high-riding
Still together.

Two lives face dawn with eager, upward look,
With strength and hope because they're
Two together.

Notes
TO THE FIELD

Copies of "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" Again Available

Copies of the book *Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?* by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. are again available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for $2.00 postpaid. An invaluable reference on the visit of Jesus to the temple at twelve years of age, the book gives details on temple ceremonies and sacrifices in the time of Christ, with illustrations.

Lessons for Spanish-Speaking Relief Societies in Stakes

Stakes which have Spanish-speaking Relief Society organizations may obtain Spanish translations of the courses of study from the General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at a cost of 60c postpaid, available after September 10, 1954.

The pamphlet contains the following courses of study for 1954-55:

Theology: "Characters and Teachings of the Book of Mormon," lessons 17-24

Visiting Teacher Messages: "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth," lessons 17-24

Lessons in Lieu of Literature: "The Restoration of All Things," lessons 1-8

Social Science: "Signs of the Times," lessons 8-14.

In Their Lonely Years

Ing Smith

They yield no ground to winter,
Going forth now, alone,
When summer lives are withered
And summer words have flown.

Brave for one more encounter
With eagle or with dove,
They glean the fields of friendship
For remnant grains of love.

Bob Bishop

MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

The Seventh Summer

Lizabeth Wall

Down across the meadow where the blue wind lies,
A boy goes running, with morning in his eyes.
A boy goes searching where the thick fern grows,
And a brook sings silver over curled, brown toes.

Back across the meadow through the dusking air,
A boy comes dreaming, with sunset in his hair,
Humming a tune that only children learn
From the wind and a brook and the tangled fern.

Lad, did you find what you were looking for?
An elfin chimney in the grass? A wee, green door?

New Light

Lucile Tournear

THE mild April morning was not one to encourage anyone to go Relief Society teaching. The air was heavily scented with the nose-tingling fragrance of orange blossoms. Mocking birds were threatening to burst their enthusiastic little throats, telling us of the early spring rosebuds, and the fresh green grass. The sun was clean and vital in its touch, as it always is after rain has fallen during the night. It was a day to work in the garden, or to go on a picnic.

I had one more call to make. My morning had not been a very satisfying one. There was illness in two of the families, and since I was rather new in the community, and my companion teacher was out of town, I felt that I had not been of much comfort to them. Two other sisters had not been at home, and the other three had been busy with sewing and spring cleaning, so that I felt that I was detaining them. This visit would probably be futile, too, as I had called at the Hurley home three months in succession, and had found no one home. As I turned into the yard I noticed the same closed front door, and felt the same rather sad quiet which I always experienced when ringing this doorbell. However, something urged me to make another try. I had never met Sister Hurley. Perhaps she was elderly and perhaps ill, or hard of hearing. I would not be so hasty in going away. If she were at home and well, she would not shut out this lovely April day.

I rang three times with quite a wait between each ring and was just turning to go down the steps, when the sound of the door being slowly opened stopped me. A young woman, probably in her early twenties, stood silently waiting for me to speak. Sorrow was stamped on the pale, delicate face, and in the listless droop of her shoulders, as she waited there. The long fingers of a graceful, white hand plucked nervously at a soft brown curl on her forehead.

"I'm Jane Belle, your Relief Society teacher. May I come in?"

She looked bewildered, almost frightened. "There must be some mistake. I don't know any Jane Belle, and what is a Relief Society teacher?"

"I guess I have made a mistake," I said stupidly. "I was looking for Katherine Hurley. Either I have been given a wrong address or she moved from this one."

"Mother and I have been living here for nearly three months now. Our name is Bromfield. I am Betty Bromfield."

Perhaps I should have excused myself and left, but my heart yearned for this sad, nervous-appearing young woman, and I longed to help her if I possibly could.

"It's a lovely day," I said tritely. "I thought no one was home because the door was shut."

"I suppose I should leave it open, but I'm here alone all day, and I never know who might be prowling around. I keep thinking I hear

someone on the porch. I've been sort of nervous since I lost my sight."

"My dear I didn't realize . . ." I stammered.

"Four years ago I think I was the happiest girl in all the world. I was in my second year at college, majoring in dramatics. I had hopes of going into television. Then I woke up one morning and my sight was gone, just as suddenly as turning off a light switch. They call it deterioration of the retina. There was an operation, but it was not successful."

She spoke in a weary, expressionless voice, as though she had recited this misfortune many times.

"I'M sure you're being very brave about it," I said, striving desperately to keep pity out of my voice. "You are young, and there are many opportunities open to you that the blind didn't have twenty-five years ago." I sounded hard and cold to myself, but I knew that the greatest battle handicapped people have to fight is the unwanted pity that their well-meaning friends pour out to them. For a fleeting moment, a radiant smile touched her face, and her voice was almost happy as she said, "You're one of the few people I've met who hasn't said 'I'm sorry.' "

"Do you manage to keep busy?" I asked. "I have always found work to be the best cure for sorrow. It doesn't matter what you do, so long as it helps keep your mind off yourself."

"I keep house for mother and myself," she answered. "Mother works in an aircraft factory, and she isn't too strong, so I try to make things as easy for her as possible. I'm so thankful I could cook and iron and do things like that before I became blind. I don't think I could have learned otherwise."

"I think you're wonderful," I said sincerely. "Lots of girls wouldn't have had your courage. Your Heavenly Father has truly blessed you with spiritual strength."

"Do you think God really cares? Won't you come in?" she added.

For the first time I noticed bitterness in her voice.

"Of course he cares," I answered after we were seated. "I know we are all his children and he watches over all of us."

"Then why did he let me lose my sight? I hadn't done anything wrong. I have prayed so often for an answer to this question. If I could just know why."

She was close to tears now, and so was I. I knew, too, that her future attitude might be influenced by my answer.

"My dear," I began, "I don't know the answer; but I feel that our Father has a great work for you to do, a work which you probably could not, or would not have done, had you had your physical eyesight. Maybe his plan has not been made known to you yet, but it will be. If you pray, and really have faith in the power of prayer, you might even see again. If you don't see again, you will have something to compensate for sight. You may be given the power to be an inspiration and help to others. Perhaps you will become so busy giving comfort to others that you will not feel the need for physical help for yourself. God works only for good. If this

were not so, he would not have sent the Savior to us."

"The Savior," she repeated thoughtfully, "I always think of him as being concerned with the hereafter, rather than with our daily needs."

"So many people have that idea, but in my Church we believe that Jesus Christ helps us just as surely today as he helped those who were with him while he was on earth two thousand years ago. If you will pray to your Heavenly Father in the name of Jesus Christ, you will be strengthened and comforted."

"I guess I don't have the faith you have," she answered wistfully. "Mother and I have never gone to church very much. For awhile she worked on Sundays, and we sort of got out of the habit."

"YOU could read the Bible," I suggested, "especially the New Testament. Your mother or someone else could read it to you."

"I could get the Bible in braille. I do a lot of reading. My braille and my music have helped me to pass the time away, and the radio, of course."

"If you would care to go to Church with me some Sunday I would be happy to take you," I offered. "There is something about worshipping in a group, that is very inspiring."

"What is your church?" she asked.

"I belong to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"Is that a new church?"

"Not exactly," I explained. "Most people refer to us as Mormons."

"I thought Mormons lived in Utah."

"It's surprising how many people think that," I told her, "but we have many lovely chapels here in California. In fact, the Church is growing so fast out here that we are building a lovely temple in Los Angeles."

I told her a little about our temple work, and she seemed to be impressed with the idea of having families sealed for all eternity. She was particularly interested in our temple marriage belief.

"Your Church must really give you a feeling of security," she said, "knowing that you will always have your loved ones. You said you were a Relief Society teacher when you introduced yourself, but we got off the subject and I never did find out what you meant."

I'm always glad to talk about Relief Society, and I guess I went into a rather long lecture, but I could see she was interested, so I was encouraged to go on.

"I'd like to belong to something like that," she commented when I had finished, "but I would probably only be in the way."

"No one is ever in the way at Relief Society. If you would care to attend on Tuesday, you would probably be doing the teachers a great favor."

"What do you mean?" She was skeptical.

"You might ask interesting questions and stimulate class participation. It is amazing what one new person's viewpoint can do to stimulate better teaching.

WHEN I said goodbye to Betty Bromfield that day, I felt that I had opened a new door in her lonely life where, before, so many

doors had been closed to her. I had given her something different to think about. She had found a new friend, and she badly needed friends. She had memorized my telephone number, and I had assured her that if I could help her in any way with shopping or errands of any kind, I would be more than glad to assist her. Her gratitude had been pathetic in its sincerity. However, the days passed and I heard nothing from her. Soon school was out, and I went to spend a two weeks vacation with my mother in Ogden.

IT was while I was there, that I was reminded of Betty. The Utah School for the Blind is located in Ogden, and I happened to pass it one day while out driving. I felt guilty to think that I was enjoying a vacation, while Betty's days must be so monotonously the same. Perhaps I could send her a little gift. Someone at the school might be able to suggest some braille literature which she could enjoy. The teacher I talked to was very kind and helpful. She suggested a braille volume which contained the words and music to fifty of our favorite Latter-day Saint hymns. I was so glad that Betty had told me that she was a musician. The hymns would be new to her, and they might stimulate her interest in the gospel. I mailed her the book with a note promising to see her soon.

When I saw Betty again I knew that I had hit upon the right gift. Her sweet smile, and the fact that she recognized my voice as soon as I spoke to her, were all the reward I needed. She invited me into her living room, and said that she had a surprise for me. Then she walked to the piano and played and sang "Sweet Is the Work." Her touch was beautiful, and her sweet soprano voice was rich and lovely. I knew I had never heard "Sweet Is the Work" more beautifully sung. She then explained how the blind learn their braille music by memorizing first a few measures of the right hand, and then a few of the left.

When I asked her if this were not a slow, tedious process, she said, "It comes quickly when you get used to it. I find that when I memorize music this way, I never forget it." She added that she had chosen this hymn first, because I had told her how important work was in helping one to forget one's sorrow.

I saw Betty quite often the rest of the summer. She would never ask me to do any favors for her, but I formed the habit of phoning her when I saw good bargains at the grocery markets and I would bring her the things she was interested in. It was hard for her mother to do the shopping after working hours. I bought a piece of material that I thought could be made into a lovely dress for Betty. When I had finished it, she was as happy as a child with a new toy. When Relief Society lessons started in the fall, we went to them together.

NATURALLY, I expected her to like the literature and social science lessons, but I was most anxious to see how she would feel about The Book of Mormon theology lessons. I had mentioned The Book of Mormon, but she had not asked many questions about it. Like so many investigators, she found it dif-

ficult to believe Joseph Smith's vision. She believed that there had been no prophets after the resurrection of Christ, and this belief persisted in her mind. Sister Hill was an excellent theology teacher, however, and Betty listened to her very attentively. She asked intelligent questions, and Sister Hill encouraged her to do so.

During the Christmas holidays Betty handed me a beautifully wrapped package and said, apologetically, "This isn't much, just some table mats I made, but I decided to do something else that I thought would please you."

"I don't know what could please me more than something you made for me," I answered truthfully.

"I sent to the braille library for The Book of Mormon. I love the book of Third Nephi, where it tells how Jesus came to this continent. I never gave much thought to religion, but I always did wonder why Jesus Christ never gave his teachings to more people. Then, too, I hear so many ladies in your testimony meetings say that they know The Book of Mormon is true, that I want to read it for myself and see if I can get some of the feeling that they do."

"I am not surprised at your decision to read The Book of Mormon, Betty, and I know that if you pray with faith in your heart and really want to know the truth, the right answer will be given to you."

The table mats which Betty had made with such loving care were my most valued Christmas presents that year, and her news about reading The Book of Mormon was better than any Christmas present.

JANUARY was a long, damp, rainy month, and Relief Society meetings were not very well attended. One blustery Tuesday I just about decided not to go to meeting. The house was warm and cozy, and there were a lot of things I could do at home. Then I realized how few outings Betty had. Since I had my car, it seemed wrong to make her miss the meeting. I have always been thankful for that change of mind, because that was the day that Sister Hudson, our faithful accompanist, was absent, and I suggested that Betty play for our meeting. The sisters were greatly impressed with her playing and singing, and, at the close of the meeting, she was asked to sing a solo at Mutual the following Tuesday evening.

I had not encouraged Betty to go to Mutual, because I wasn't sure how the younger people would accept her. She would belong in the Gleaners' group, and since she was not attending Sunday school and sacrament meeting, most of the girls in their early twenties would be strange to her. Of course I could take her to the special interest group, but I did not want her to feel that the young folks might not want her. I knew they would love her once they knew her, but I also knew that young folks are sometimes thoughtless where handicapped persons are concerned. As is so often the case, my worries were needless.

The solo Betty chose to sing that evening was one that would have impressed the most hardhearted, or the most thoughtless person anywhere, but there were no such peo-

ple in our chapel that night. When it was announced that Betty would sing and accompany herself on the piano, a spirit of hushed expectancy filled the room. As I led her to the piano, I knew that every one was co-operating with her.

Usually when I am not familiar with a song, I do not take an interest in it until I have heard it several times, but this was different. Betty's keen sense of hearing had taught her to appreciate good diction, and hers was faultless. Her song was called, "You'll Never Walk Alone," and the opening words, "When you walk in the storm hold your head up high, and don't be afraid of the dark," sent a thrill of admiration through every listener in that chapel.

Had we been allowed to applaud, Betty would have been asked for an encore, perhaps several encores. I had told her there could be no applause, and the reverent silence in the room was more effective than applause ever could have been. She could not see the tears in the eyes of most of us, and that was just as well. She would not want tears, but she could feel our respect and admiration. I was so moved that I almost forgot to lead her from the piano to our seat.

When the program ended and we were dismissed to our classes, someone touched my arm and said eagerly, "Sister Belle, will you please introduce me to this young lady? We need her in the choir."

It was Don Westbrook, our new choir leader. Don was a very likable young man whose musical career had been interrupted by two years of active duty in the South Pacific. After returning home, he had started studying again, and was called on a mission from which he had only recently returned.

BETTY hesitated about accepting Don's invitation because she was afraid she could not learn the songs quickly enough.

"With a memory like yours and the talent you have, you can't miss," he told her. "Anyway," he added, "if you need any private coaching, I can help you and help myself at the same time. The experience is just what I need."

"That would be wonderful." Betty was delighted. Then the smile left her face. "Oh, but I'm not a member of your Church. Perhaps I shouldn't."

"All the better," laughed Don, "I can work on my music and also go on with my missionary work. If you join the choir you'll have to attend sacrament meeting, and in that way you'll just naturally take an interest in the gospel."

Don's prediction came true; Betty did take an interest in the gospel. My friends say I am responsible for this, but I give all the credit to Don. He was young and enthusiastic and his experience in the service and in the mission field, gave him the sympathetic understanding that Betty needed so badly. By the time December came around again, Betty had her twenty-fourth birthday, and on that day, she was baptized into the Church. Don baptized her, and the love that glowed in their faces was beautiful to see.

IN the year that followed, Betty went around in a dream. Don took her to Sunday School, to Mu-

tual, to choir practice, and to sacrament meeting. He persuaded her to go to the Church dances, and she danced beautifully.

On Thanksgiving night I had gone to bed early, tired after cooking the usual large Thanksgiving dinner for a large family gathering, but I didn't mind answering the phone at eleven o'clock when I recognized Betty's excited, happy voice.

"Jane, I shouldn't call you so late, but I have such a wonderful thing to be thankful for, that I had to tell you before Thanksgiving ended. Don and I are going to the temple next month to be married. Will you go with us as my guide? Oh, Jane, I've never been so happy."

I don't remember much about the rest of that phone call, but I do remember that Betty said, "Jane, you don't realize it, but I owe everything to you. You brought new light into my life, the spiritual light of the Church, and the guiding light of Don's true love and devotion."

I sat at the phone long after Betty had hung up. All thought of sleep had left me. Tears ran down my face, and I did not bother to dry them. Betty said I had brought new light into her life, but I knew that God had brought the light when he urged me to wait that April day at Betty's door.

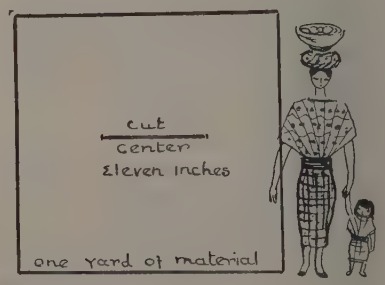
"Dear Heavenly Father," I whispered, "we both thank thee."

Bed Jackets

Elizabeth Williamson

THE Indian of Guatemala weaves a square of material, slits a place in the center for the head to pass through, and tucks this material into the skirt. In Guatemala this is called a *Huipul*. The method is so simple that it can easily be adapted for our mode of living, for example, bed jackets can be made in this way.

One yard of material, such as orlon, seersucker, silk, or most any material which is easy to launder, can be made into a comfortable and attractive bed jacket. Braid, embroidery, or lace can be added to the neckline. There is ample freedom for the arms, and the whole garment is comfortable and easily managed for one who is in bed.



Quilts for All the Family

CELESTA M. CLARK, TETON, IDAHO, MAKES QUILTS FOR HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

NINETY years old in April, mother of thirteen children, grandmother to thirty-one, and great-grandmother to sixty-seven, Mrs. Clark keeps house for one of her sons, and still does beautiful quilting for the Teton Ward Relief Society. At the age of eighteen, two important events happened in Mrs. Clark's life—she was married to Hyrum James Clark, and in that same year she began her long career as a Relief Society visiting teacher. She has been a widow for twenty-six years, but her loneliness has been lessened by active interest in hobbies — quiltmaking and rugmaking. She has made and quilted a quilt for every one of her daughters and daughters-in-law, a quilt for every grandson, and a set of blocks for every granddaughter. The double wedding ring pattern is Mrs. Clark's favorite design, but she loves to make her own patterns and to experiment with color combinations and quilting patterns.

Mrs. Clark has lived in Teton City, Idaho, since 1889, and in addition to her Relief Society activities and other Church work, she served for many years as a counselor in Primary, and has been a guide and an inspiration to three generations of people in the Teton country.

The Falling Shackles

Chapter 3

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: The Tobler family, who are members of the Church from Europe, arrive in Salt Lake City, and, through the help of Mamma Tobler's cousin Frederick, find a home. Papa Tobler, who has been a doctor, finds employment in a factory. Mamma Tobler quickly makes the old-fashioned house into a home, and Karen, the younger daughter, starts to school, where she finds many problems of adjustment. Phillip, the young son, in exploring the neighborhood, becomes lost, and Maria, the seventeen-year-old daughter, finds her brother in a drugstore. There Maria becomes acquainted with Timothy Allred, whose sick father owns the store. Maria is given work by Timothy in the store.

SOMETHING was very wrong with Papa. For three nights now he had refused to eat. For three nights Maria had heard him going downstairs and then the sound of his pacing feet going back and forth in the dining room below.

This afternoon Maria heard Mamma ask him what was wrong.

Papa laughed. "Wrong? Nothing is wrong. All is well. It is a little new still, the big plant. There are so many men."

"But the work?" Mamma persisted. "Do you like it?"

Maria saw the tightening of her father's mouth, the sharp lines that sprang suddenly above his eyes. "Is good work . . . it pays fairly well. I told Karen she could buy her guitar today."

So that was why Karen was not yet home from school. Maria hurried through the pressing of her uniform. She liked to keep them spotless and crisp. She liked the swift approval in Timothy's eyes.

Mamma was peeling apples for strudel. She would not leave Papa alone. "But I worry, Chris. There is something very wrong with you. How is it you cannot sleep?"

Papa winked at Maria. "All this sleeping every night. It gets so monotonous. Now I like my life to have a little flavor."

"Oh . . . oh . . .!" Mamma rose in disgust and went to her cupboards. "I wish I did have someone to talk to besides you. You are so unsatisfactory."

"The neighbors?" ventured Maria.

Her mother shrugged. "They all say 'how do you do.' But not yet do they come in to tell me of themselves."

Papa looked over his glasses. "You mean you have only your own problems to worry you? What tragedy!"

But Maria saw that for all his teasing he was anxious about Mamma. Maria knew he was remembering all the people who had been in Mamma's life in the old country. All those who had huddled against her in the bitter days, taking comfort from her undaunted spirit, fire from her deep faith.

Maria hurried faster with her ironing. "Walk part way with me, will you, Papa?"

"Well, now," said Papa, twinkling in pleasure, "that is a wonderful invitation to be asked to walk with a young pretty girl. Mamma, you won't be jealous?"

Mamma looked up from the floured board. Maria squirmed under her searching, dark eyes. "No, I will not be jealous. I think you have few times more to walk with Maria. I think, soon, someone else will walk with her."

"Mamma!" cried Maria.

"Why are you so astonished, Maria? Is like flowers coming out on the trees." Mamma's hands gestured for words . . . . "Is like Phillip coming down with measles."

"Is *inevitable* she means," said Papa. He looked at Maria thoughtfully, but the twinkle came back to his eyes. "It will be Henry, the grocer, perhaps. He is a nice, fat, prosperous looking man. Maybe he will give us wholesale on round steak."

"Oh, Papa!" But Maria could not help laughing at the thought of the bald, good-natured Mr. Henry coming to walk with her.

BUT when they started the walk to the drugstore, Papa fell into one of the deep silences. Maria, watching him out of the corner of her eye, saw the muscle twitching in his cheek, the tense, narrowing of his eyes. He walked with his head bent and his hands locked behind him.

"I wish you would tell me, Papa, maybe I could help."

"No . . . No."

A terrible thought smote Maria. It stopped her short on the street. She felt suffocated. "Papa?"

"Yes, Maria?"

She touched his sleeve timidly. "You are sick. You are very sick. I know that is it. It is! It is!" She began to cry, like a very small child, sobs that shook her. The salt poured into her mouth.

Oh, no, no, no," cried Papa. He put his arms about her. "My dearest child, you must not believe such a thing. Is not a sickness of my body . . . . Believe me, Maria. It is . . . . Oh, Maria, *Felix Dracken* is here . . . where I work. He is here in America."

"Felix Dracken!" whispered Maria. She looked into her father's eyes. She felt as if they were standing on a far corner, the shattered buildings showing sky through holes gaping like wounds. The whispering of terror within her roared up to a great wind of torment. "Papa . . . . Papa . . . ."

Her father nodded. "I work beside him . . . every day. I watch his hands. I see his shoes when I look down, so close he is to me. I smell him, and it is to me like the smell of death."

"Does he speak? Does he dare to speak to you, Papa?"

Her father rubbed his face as though something soft and repulsive had brushed against it. "Yes, he speaks. He tries to speak. He is sick, he says, his heart. I can well believe it. He looks a very sick man. Angina, I think."

Anger flamed in Maria. "How dare he speak to you? How dare he, after what he did? It was his lies that sent you to the prison camp. He said you were a traitor to them. He spied on us day and night. He is the one who brought it all about. Remember his wife and his daughter, Katrina? They were so proud and safe, not hunted like we were, not afraid. They were in . . . with the high ups."

"I know," he said. His face had gone very white in the darkness. "That is the thing I fight against all

day long, the hate, the terrible hate that burns me until I cannot stand myself. But if I go away from the plant, he shall have injured me one more time, and that I will not endure."

SHE clung to his arm. "How can you help hating him? I do."

Her father said slowly, "Yes, I have known hatred, and it may be that I have fostered it these years, because now it is like a beast within me. I had not thought I could hold such bitterness, such rage." He spoke sadly.

"Oh, Papa," Maria held him close. "I thought it was finished when we left there. I thought here, where there was no boundary line or sentries, or ruined streets, that it would all be over."

Papa patted her back. "As did I," he said wearily. "But now I wonder. I have not had such an emotion before. I have seen its effects in other men. I think day and night of ways to injure him . . . get him to go. After all, why should I suffer more?"

Maria scrubbed her eyes. She felt weak and ill. "But even in the camp Mamma would not let us hate. 'Pity them, pity them,' she always said."

He turned away. "Yes, yes, I know. But how does a man cast a lion out of his breast?" He held Maria again in his arms, kissed her. "I go home now. We do not tell Mamma."

"No . . . I will not say a word. Good night." She went wearily on to the store. All the brightness was gone out of her. The shadows of the barbed wire seemed to stretch over her again.

Timothy Allred looked up anxiously from the fountain. "Thank goodness, you're here. I thought you were never coming. I've been dishing up banana splits until the sight of them makes me green. It looks like every boy in the neighborhood has a new girl." He stopped short. "Hey, what's up? You've been crying."

Maria became very brisk. "It was the wind. It blew against my eyes. You know I cry then."

Timothy went to the door and opened it. "Hmm."

Maria blushed. "It was an eyelash then."

"An eyelash?" he clucked his tongue. "They can be fatal. I know many a good man that has been downed by an eyelash. Come, let me look."

Maria hastened behind the counter and tied on her pink apron. "All these dishes!"

"Gosh, I forgot." He was clumsily contrite. "Peter was away, and I got a hurry call for drugs for Mrs. McKensie, she's very ill, you know. Flu. By the way did you see Skinny Ellis on your way here? I sent for him to deliver the stuff. Jimmy is away."

"You mean Mrs. McKensie is ill? The one across the street from my house? The one who dislikes cats."

"Don't know about the cats. She really has a heart of gold, Mrs. McKensie has, she's just hard to know. Understand she's pretty sick."

Maria held out her hand. "Would you let me deliver it? It would only take a moment. I have a special reason for asking."

"But that isn't your work."

"This is special," Maria pleaded, whipping off her apron. "I shall be only a few moments."

MARIA hurried back along the lilac-scented streets. She found Mamma sitting disconsolately upon the front porch rocker. "Papa took Phillip for an ice cream cone, Karen is upstairs with her guitar. Nothing for me to do."

Maria held out the little blue, wrapped package. "Is for Mrs. McKensie," she nodded toward the house across the street. "Mr. Allred says she's very sick. I . . . I hate to deliver this, because I just can't afford to get the flu."

Mamma's disapproval was immediate and vocal. "Afraid of a germ! Tish! Here, give it to me. I am not afraid of a poor, sick woman."

Maria held her breath while her mother marched across the street, knocked upon the door. It opened almost at once and Mamma went firmly in. Maria laughed softly and sped back to the drugstore. It was a spoon of Mamma's own tonic. "If your troubles are too big," she was fond of saying, "help your neighbor for awhile, when you go back to your own problem it will be half the size."

The drugstore was glittering, when Maria returned, with a slim, beautiful girl, who sat at the counter beside the dazzled and desperate-eyed Timothy. The girl was dark, with close-cropped hair, Mediterranean blue eyes, and a gray suit whose simple, expensive lines made Maria feel suddenly three inches shorter and twenty pounds heavier. She hesitated.

Timothy looked up and saw her and smiled in welcome. "Come over and meet the girl I'm going to marry one of these days." He put his arm around the girl, "This is Maria Tobler, and this is Lisa Ballantine."

"How do you do," murmured Maria, wondering at the sudden grayness of the atmosphere.

"How do you do," said Lisa with emphasis. "I've been dying to meet you. In fact, you're the reason I'm here. All Tim talks of these days is your influence on his customers."

"Don't tell her," Timothy warned. "She will ask for a raise." He waved his arm. "Does the place bear any resemblance to the dusty emporium of a month ago?"

"It does not," Lisa agreed, taking his arm.

Timothy nodded his head toward Maria. "Every day since she came she's thought up a new angle for a display, or a new arrangement for stock, or a new angle on the counter. It's kept us all hopping."

Maria went behind the counter and began to wash dishes with leaden hands. She had never noticed before how young Timothy Allred was for all his twenty-three years. He needs someone to help him, she thought, and looked at Lisa Ballantine. Could she help him through the fires that forged a personality into character?

"When does your father plan to come back?" Lisa was asking.

"Another month, the doctor says. Dad insists it will be sooner."

Lisa sipped angrily on her straw. "It certainly is taking him forever and a day. Oh, darling," she cried, as Timothy drew away, "I don't mean to sound pettish, but here it is, the beginning of the last quarter, and you are no nearer to school than the first. How long will it all drag on?"

MARIA saw Timothy's frown. He pushed back the stubborn hair from his forehead. "Oh, come now, Lisa. It hasn't been so long. After all the world isn't going to arrange itself for our benefit. We'll just have to fit into its plans." He pulled her ear. "Unless you'd consent to be married to an old drugstore keeper, in which case . . . ."

She pushed his hand away. "No. If I can't have it the way I want it, there won't be any wedding at all." She turned to him. "Darling, we're quarreling."

"I know," Timothy said. "We always do when we get on the subject of our future."

"But you want to be a lawyer, don't you? Just look at the fields that would be opened to you. What is there here for you, this grimy store on this grimy street?"

He put his fingers over her lips. "Just in case you were intending to say, 'these grimy people.' They're wonderful. I like them better every day." Maria saw the muscles ridge along his jaw.

Lisa caught his hand. "You big, stubborn goon! If I didn't love you so much . . . if I didn't see our future so clearly, I'd never see you again. But, darling, I do see it, and there isn't a thing on this street that has a part in it." She stood up. "Come along, darling, take me home."

They went away and Maria hurried to straighten the counters before the new crowds should come. She had grown accustomed to the laughter, now, of the young people, to their teasing and their horseplay. But when the young boys asked to take her home, she shrank away, too shy and unsure of herself to risk their company.

They mistook her diffidence for disdain. "I'm not a child," protested one, indignantly. "I'm the same age as you, seventeen. You don't have to put on airs with me."

"But I am an *old seventeen*," Maria said, half in jest, half in earnest. She smiled at his dark, blunt young face. I should be happy, she thought, that they think me pretty. That they want to go out with me. But I do not care at all. She saw the popular girls come in surrounded by their swains and felt no slightest envy. I think I would rather have one that I truly liked and no others at all. She could not understand Karen's obsession with popularity, how she rated girls and boys by how many of the opposite sex grouped around them. Maria thought it seemed much work for little pleasure.

"I have Dad's new car," the boy said. "I'll run you home."

"It is too late," Maria said quickly. "It will be ten o'clock."

The young man finished his malt gloomily, "And besides everybody knows you're in love with Tim."

Maria's hand flew to her mouth. "Oh, no! How could they? He is almost married."

Glad that his shot had found so instant and tender a mark, the boy rose. "Look in the mirror, sometime, Maria, when you are looking at him. You'll see."

"That will be thirty cents," said Maria briskly. She would not lift her eyes to look at him. Efficiently she set about clearing the little tables in the lull that crept through the store. "In love, indeed!" she kept saying indignantly to herself, "why he is old enough to be my . . . uncle . . ." she finished lamely,

finding suddenly how small a space six years covered.

WHEN Timothy came slamming back, calling to her to get her coat so he could run her home, when he began to turn off the lights and hurry the closing of the store, Maria knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was true. She did love him. When he came in, the store became an exciting, important place; when he went away, it was a rather musty funereal place, with no charm at all.

How long had she loved him? Maria thought back, ever since the day he had whipped out the pad and written the ice cream prescription for Phillip! Ever since the day he had come over and leaned his elbows on the counter and said, "I'd rather talk to you than to Blackstone." Or was it the moment he had stood at the swinging doors and said, "Sometimes I feel that just staying here and making something of this store and neighborhood is the most terrifically important job I could do."

Maybe it was none of these things, maybe it was only the way he moved and smiled and the slow quiet mirth that lived in him.

Timothy helped her on with her coat. "I am seven kinds of a heel. You look beat, and I've been off playing hooky, leaving you to cope with the mob."

Maria bent her head. "Sometimes we have to get away from things for awhile."

He helped her into his battered car and went around and slid under the wheel. "Peace, it's wonderful. Not another problem until tomorrow morning."

She was silent, content to be close to him for the moment, pushing away all the obstacles. She felt his eyes searching her.

"How come, Maria, you never take advantage of the dates the boys press on you?"

Maria shrugged. "Ten o'clock is too late to start on a date, Mamma says."

"You make me sound like Simon Legree. I'll let you off at seven-thirty any night you say."

She smoothed her skirt. "I cannot be like they are, so bright and gay and happy. I cannot be a child any more."

He put his hand over hers. "Maria, was there ever a chance for you to be a child?"

Maria trembled under his touch. "Long, long ago I remember Mamma dressing me so beautifully for a walk in the park and Papa so proud of Karen and me . . . the puppet shows, the swans on the lake, and cream cakes in a little cafe." She shivered. "But it was over so quickly. Then it was only the planes and the armies and the running here and there away from it all, with Papa gone and Mamma trying to take care of us . . . food impossible to find."

They turned into the little street. The porch light was on, Maria saw, then Mamma was still away. She looked over to McKensie's house and saw Mamma's broad shadow crossing in an upstairs window.

"You just painted your fence, didn't you?"

"Yes, Papa painted it yesterday."

"And the porch, too?"

"It looks nice, yes?"

Timothy rubbed his chin. "Can't get over the place. It really

looks regal. I never dreamed anybody could do anything with that pile of bricks."

"It was fun," Maria said. "We do it all together and we enjoy it." She opened the door. "I think pretty soon it looks better than Mrs. McKensie's and we even let cats in our yard, and you know how she is."

Timothy threw back his head and roared. "Maria, you're terrific! There isn't a girl that can touch you." He was abruptly silent.

MARIA climbed out of the car. "Thank you, Mr. Allred. Don't forget to order more cream for tomorrow for the special."

Timothy looked from her to the house and back again. He leaned his arms on the wheel. "I'll bet you go to church every Sunday, Maria."

She looked at him, perplexed. "To church? Of course, we all do."

"I'll bet you believe everything."

Maria shrank a little from the tone of his voice. It was flat, almost accusing. "With all my heart."

"I thought so." He nodded. "I'll bet you believe that America is the land of hope and freedom and every man can be President?"

"But, yes, I know it . . . ." She came closer to the car. "What are you trying to say, Mr. Allred?

He bit his thumb, his eyes were still straight ahead, as if he saw something infinitely interesting just beyond. "I'll bet you believe that a person doesn't have to have his eye out for the main chance. I'll bet you believe that if a person does the best he can, right where he's standing, that the chance will come to him."

She put her hands on the car door. "I . . . I do believe. Do . . . do you think it is foolish of me to believe?"

He looked at her quietly, all mirth gone. "I'm just beginning to realize what believing really is . . . a sort of ingredient."

"I do not understand."

"Well, if you believe that America is the finest country in the world, the land of the free, the land of opportunity, all the time-worn phrases, you're going to do something about it. Your believing is a sort of jet propulsion. If you believe in your Church with all your soul, you won't go, as I've been going, like a Zombie, all ears and senses closed. You'll be excited about it. You'll start searching for things. Do you know what I'm trying to explain?"

She shook her head. "No . . . I do not understand at all."

He laughed. "I guess I do sound a little mixed up. But it's this, I've been like a man who owned forty acres that his fathers left him. But I've never planted on my acres, or built a factory, or raised beef . . . I've simply owned them. Now do you see?" He got out and came around to her. "And none of these thoughts had entered my head until the day you walked into my store and brushed down cobwebs."

Maria was shaken by the joy of his nearness and the words he said and the deeper meaning beyond them. "But my coming was such a little thing . . . ."

He lifted her chin, "as little as the landing of the Pilgrim fathers . . . at least to me. Goodnight, little Puritan, don't let my wild probings keep you awake."

"Goodnight," she whispered, and moved on clouds to the house.

(To be concluded)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Marteal W. Hendricks

WEST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, GREAT FALLS DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"

February 13, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Marilyn Gerhart, organist Rachel Robinson.

Second row, seated, left to right: Evelyn Perkins; Iva Burgess; Vera Nelson; Leah Eddington; Armida Hanberg; Virginia Porter; Peggy Berthelson.

Third row, standing, left to right: Edith George; Virginia Robinson; Donna Jones; Myrle Thurber, District Counselor; Jean Simkins; Pearl Haynes; Lorena Humphrey; Thora Walston; Vilate Stott; Madge Allan; Blanche George.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Rula Adamson; Elexia Denning; Melba Wicks; Nixola Vance, chorister; Marie Vance, pianist; June Lundgren; Ina Gerhart, District Counselor; Pat Croxford, director of the pageant; Mary Hansen, District President.

Fifth row, standing, left to right: Lloyd Croxford as George Washington; Irvin Haws as Thomas Jefferson; Ron Neilsen as James Madison; George Miller as Benjamin Franklin; President Ira Christensen, narrator.

Marteal W. Hendricks, President, West Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that eleven branches participated in this pageant, many of the sisters traveling a distance of 120 miles for rehearsals and for the presentation. Three hundred people attended the pageant, including the Mission President Samuel A. Hendricks and Sister Hendricks. The faith and co-operation of all who took part were greatly appreciated.

Photograph submitted by Mary Isabell Cassity

STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), AFTON NORTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Left to right: Kathleen Powell Burton, 1939-1943; Laura Hansen Stock, 1943-1945; Velta Wright Robinson, present President; Sarah Greene Walker, 1947-1950; Margaret Barrus Allred, 1945-1947; Lois Call Hale, 1924-1939.

Sister Robinson's counselors are Phyllis Robinson and Enda Linford, with Mavis Weaver as secretary-treasurer.

Nellie B. Jensen is president of Star Valley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Merna E. Marchant

BURLEY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS AND CHORAL READING GROUP WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"

Lucile H. Nielson, stake social science leader, stands at the left on the third row,

and next to her, left to right, are Blanche Bray, stake chorister, and Edna Wardle, stake organist, who played the piano accompaniment for the production.

Merna E. Marchant, President, Burley Stake Relief Society, is seated ninth from the left on the second row, and her first counselor Blanche Dayley is seated second from the right in the first row; Alice Mae Earl, stake literature leader who supervised the choral reading group, is standing third from the right in the fourth row; Vera Norton, who directed the choral reading group, is seated at the right of the rostrum on the first row.

The production of "The Voice of the People" was an evening performance to which the public was invited. The women of this group represent the twelve wards of Burley Stake. They are ward presidencies and class leaders.

Sister Marchant, in commenting upon the success of this occasion, reports: "We were thrilled with the joy of presenting this production in our stake. The educators of our stake commended it highly, acclaiming it to be 'just what we needed.' "

Photograph submitted by Emily S. Romish

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FIFTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

Front row, seated, left to right: Jean Henderson; Lucy Evans; Rhoda Reynolds, visiting teacher message leader; Maurine Hamberlin, Secretary; Ethel Henderson, First Counselor; Elsbeth Hansen, President; Bernice Bartschi, Second Counselor.

Second row, standing, left to right: Velma Williamson; Janice Sheppard; Alice Harwood; Norma Nielsen; Annie Fikstad; Irene Palmer; Eva McCarty; Afton Fullmer.

Third row, standing, left to right: Ruth Tolman; Eleanor Packer; Chloie Curtis Rebecca Howe; Lucille Hancock; Annie Kinney.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Reinilda Herrmann, Luella Lloyd; Eliza Longhurst; Lillian Wilker; Evelyn Sant; Margaret Talbot.

Back row, left to right: Mary Rupp; Maude Miner; Sarah Stanger; Alease Larsen; Gertrude Hargraves; Lola Carter; Sylvia Wilker; Amelia Bacon; Elma Shelley; June Martineau; Geneve Halpin; Anna Lusk; Melba Johnson; Thelma Foster; Alva Foote; Maude Tubbs; Irene Rust.

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ona Tuttle

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), CASTLE DALE WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Alice Day, Second Counselor; Angeline Hayward; Leah Jacobs; Ethel Jeffs; Ida Snow; Darthella Williams; Emma Dickson; Mildred Moffitt; Lyla Wilberg; Zepha Jensen; Luella Peterson.

Second row, left to right: Ona Tuttle, President; Myrle Albertson; Ruie Jones; Barbara Peterson; Lucille Laron; Hannah Huntington; Venice Jensen; Cora Boleen; Della Jorgenson; Avelia Lake; Emma Guymon; Myrtal Jones; Mary Rasmussen.

Third row, left to right: Ione Kofford, First Counselor; Una Jensen; Mary Peterson; Mary Omen; Emeline Cox, visiting teacher message leader; Hidvig Behling; Eliza Wilberg; Anna Laura Miller; Zada Bell; Anna Bell; Naomi Wayman; Sarah Stringham; Stella Jeffs; Bly Gragerson.

Surelda C. Ralphs is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Della W. Swensen

OAKLAND STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE ON MOTHER'S DAY, May 1954

Seated fifth from the left on the first row, guest conductor Estherella Olszowka; sixth from the left, Delia Bates, organist; extreme right in the first row, Myrtle Davidson, stake work meeting leader; second from right, first row, LaPriel Moody, stake chorister; extreme right, second row, Naomi Bodily, stake theology leader; Pearl Meine, eighth from the left, third row, First Counselor, Oakland Stake Relief Society.

Della W. Swensen is president of Oakland Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Gwendolyn T. Robinson

AMERICAN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) PRESENTS PAGEANT "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE," April 16, 1954

The pageant, which was very successful, was directed by Marie Whyte, stake social science leader, with Eleanor Thornley as chorister, and Gayle Ralphs and Madge Little at the organ and piano.

Gwendolyn T. Robinson, Secretary, reports that very favorable comments were received from non-members as well as Church members, and from prominent educators living in the stake who attended the pageant.

Vera W. Barkdull is president of American Falls Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Martha C. Eagar

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ATTEND CONVENTION, March 16, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Vivian Paxman, Secretary-Treasurer; Elva Nielsen, Second Counselor; Anna Ostler, First Counselor; Mavis Hansen, President; Alligee Anderson, former president of Nephi First Ward Relief Society; Mary Scott; Celia Briggs; Sadie Reed; Ellen Jarrett; Naomi Belliston.

Second row, standing, left to right: Neta Park; Marie Butler; Fern Harmon; Ireta Park; Mayme LaVere Haynes; Eleanor Golden; Ada Jarrett; Anna Broadhead; Fae Mellor; Inez Brough.

Back row, standing, left to right: Clara Wheelwright; Beth Christensen; Elnora Foote; Wanda Burridge; Deon Paxman; Denee Stephenson; Olive Cowan; Ida Sperry; Margie Steiner; Erma Greenhalgh; Lela Fowkes; Reva Morgan; Helen Mickelson.

Martha C. Eagar, President, Juab Stake Relief Society, reports that the visiting teachers of Nephi First Ward Relief Society have achieved one hundred per cent visits for the past four years.

Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

EAST PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Mildred Smithson, Work Director Counselor; Verna James, Secretary-Treasurer; Katie Campbell (standing) Education Counselor; Lola M. Shumway, President.

The picture was taken in the home of Sister Shumway, at the first meeting of the newly organized board of the East Phoenix Stake, May 22, 1954.

Photograph submitted by Della R. Hulme

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO) PRESENTS "THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"—A DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF THE FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION

April 30, 1954

This pageant was remarkably successful, being presented by choral readers, soloists, readers, speakers, and the Singing Mothers. Four brethren of the stake represented

Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and James Madison. Erma Stock was dramatic director; Hortense Rich and Idell Matthews directed the music, and the organists were Ruby Bolton and Leanora Stucki. Millie Sprouse and Elvira Sims were in charge of costuming. Stake Relief Society President Della R. Hulme extended greetings to the audience and all repeated the "Pledge of Allegiance" to the flag.

Photograph submitted by Thelma S. Buchanan

SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, SAWMILL BRANCH, ARIZONA, RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY AT ANNIVERSARY DAY CELEBRATION, March 17, 1954

Left to right: First Counselor Ida C. Carroll; President Nancy Smith; Second Counselor Ruth Bryant.

Thelma S. Buchanan, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports that the Sawmill Branch, for the first time, celebrated Anniversary Day in 1954. The chapel was decorated in blue and gold, the Relief Society colors, and the members displayed several lovely quilts, hand-woven rugs, embroidered articles, dresses, skirts, children's clothing, beaded belts, and woven belts. The program, presented by the Lamanite people, was outstanding. President Golden R. Buchanan and Sister Buchanan explained the importance of the gospel to the Lamanites. Prizes were given to the oldest mother, Sister Nanbah Wauneka, eighty-two; to the mother with the largest family, Lydia Tsosie, mother of fifteen children; and Rita Tsosie, the youngest mother. Homemade soap was offered for sale and many beautifully prepared foods also were part of the bazaar. Dancing and games completed the evening's entertainment.

Photograph Courtesy *The Deseret News*

JOHN TAYLOR HOME (AT THE RIGHT) AND "THE TIMES AND SEASONS BUILDING" (LEFT) NAUVOO, ILLINOIS

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, ANNIVERSARY DAY OF RELIEF SOCIETY CELEBRATED IN NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, March 16, 1954

Nettie P. Smoot, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, submits an informative account of a special meeting held in the John Taylor home in Nauvoo, Illinois. The report, written by Lily Crane Haycock, is presented here in abbreviated form: ". . . This year, serving with my husband as missionaries in Nauvoo, and living in the home of President John Taylor, who helped to organize the Relief Society, I felt that something should be done to honor that event. There being only two members of Relief Society here, Sister Elizabeth Wood, a missionary at the Bureau of Information, and myself, I began early in January to wonder what we could do. The thought came to me to invite the ladies of the Home Bureau to hold their March meeting here. This they consented to do and the date was set for Tuesday, March 16th. On that day thirty-five fine women, only two of whom were Latter-day Saints, met here and spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Sister Wood and I each gave a short talk, and I gave each woman a pamphlet explaining what our Relief Society is, and a small booklet called *Temple Square in Salt Lake City*, which contains one paragraph about Relief Society. I also showed them a picture found in *A Centenary of Relief Society*, of the Prophet Joseph Smith's store. They seemed to enjoy every minute, and I felt to thank our Heavenly Father for helping me. Next morning we were surprised and delighted by a visit from President I. A. Smoot and Sister Smoot, accompanied by Elder Walter A. Chamberlain and wife, of the Northern States Mission. Elder Oscar Wood and wife of the Bureau of Information and Elder Paul Newmyer and wife, guides at the old jail in Carthage, soon arrived, and with President Vernon Flake of the Nauvoo District, we held a wonderful conference in Brother Taylor's old parlor . . . . Sister Smoot expressed the opinion that was the first Relief Society gathering held in Nauvoo in the John Taylor home on March 17th by Utah saints. She recalled having been here twenty-one years ago when the Relief Society Monument was unveiled, and was delighted to be here again on the 112th anniversary of the organization . . . ."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 26—Missionary Activities of Ammon

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapters 17-20; 21:18-23)

For Tuesday, November 2, 1954

Objective: To show the change which takes place in the souls of men when the light of the gospel enters.

Departure of Sons of Mosiah

DURING the period when the Church organization was growing strong throughout the land of Zarahemla and in the surrounding territory, the four sons of Mosiah engaged in their great missionary activity among the Lamanites in the land of Nephi. These four stalwart missionaries, Ammon, Aaron, Omner, and Himni were faithful exponents of the gospel. So great was their interest in the eternal welfare of their brethren, the Lamanites, that each, in turn, had renounced the honor of serving as king over the Nephites in order that he might preach the gospel to the Lamanites. They had faith in God, and they wanted to share it with others.

The results of their labors reveal that they were men who had ". . . waxed strong in the knowledge of the truth; for they were men of a sound understanding and they had searched the scriptures diligently, that they might know the word of God" (Alma 17:2). They had gained a basic understanding of the Lamanites, and they were submissive to divine guidance as they felt the hand of the Lord directing them. In addition:

> . . . they had given themselves to much prayer, and fasting; therefore they had the spirit of prophecy, and the spirit of revelation, and when they taught, they taught with power and authority of God (Alma 17:3).

It was not easy to serve as a missionary among the people who had been taught from childhood to hate their neighbors, a people who were idle, idolatrous, greedy, and bloodthirsty. They suffered:

. . . much, both in body and in mind, such as hunger, thirst and fatigue, and also much labor in the spirit (Alma 17:5).

They had left the land of Zarahemla in the first year of the reign of the judges, when Alma the son was serving as high priest and chief judge. They took with them their swords, spears, bows, arrows, and slings, not that they intended to use them in hand to hand combat with the Lamanies, for their mission was one of love, but that they needed them to provide themselves with food in the wilderness. These four sons of Mosiah selected a group to accompany them to the land of Nephi. They traveled many days in the wilderness, during which time:

. . . they fasted much and prayed much that the Lord would grant unto them a portion of his Spirit to go with them, and abide with them, that they might be an instrument in the hands of God to bring, if it were possible, their brethren, the Lamanites, to the knowledge of the truth, to the knowledge of the baseness of the traditions of their fathers, which were not correct (Alma 17:9).

The Lord did visit them with his spirit, and said unto them: "Be comforted" (Alma 17:10). Later Ammon tells us:

Now when our hearts were depressed, and we were about to turn back, behold, the Lord comforted us, and said: Go amongst thy brethren, the Lamanites, and bear with patience thine afflictions, and I will give unto you success (Alma 26:27).

Arriving in the borders of the land of the Lamanites, they separated from one another, each one trusting in the Lord to take him where he should go.

Ammon Serves King Lamoni

Ammon went to the land of Ishmael, which was ". . . called after the sons of Ishmael, who also became Lamanites" (Alma 17:19). As Ammon entered this land, he was taken by the Lamanites and bound as was their custom with all Nephites who came into their territory. Ammon was then taken before the king, Lamoni. The king asked Ammon if he desired to live among the Lamanites and Ammon said ". . . Yea, I desire to dwell among this people for a time; yea, and perhaps until the day I die" (Alma 17:23).

King Lamoni was pleased with Ammon and suggested to him that he become his son-in-law. But Ammon tactfully refused, suggesting that he be made a servant to the king. This request was granted. Ammon was assigned with other servants to guard the flocks of Lamoni. After three days while he and the other servants were driving the king's flocks to the waters of Sebus, Lamanite troublemakers scattered the flocks. The king's servants were frightened, for they knew that King Lamoni had formerly killed servants when the flocks had been scattered. The servants began to weep; but Ammon rejoiced, for he realized that he would have an opportunity to win favor with the king and his fellow servants by restoring the flocks to the king.

By following the directions of Ammon, the servants successfully rounded up the scattered flock; but the wicked Lamanites stood ready to scatter them a second time. Ammon instructed the other servants to encircle the flocks while he contended with the robbers. Standing alone

he cast stones at them with his sling. So accurate was Ammon's aim that he slew six of these Lamanites. They had returned stone for stone, but God protected his servant against their stones. The Lord had promised Mosiah that he would deliver his sons out of the hands of the Lamanites.

Finding that they could not hit Ammon with their stones, they rushed upon him with clubs. With his sword, Ammon cut off the arms that were lifted against him, ". . . but he slew none save it were their leader with his sword . . . ." They were so astonished that they fled before him. After driving these men away, he returned to the waters of Sebus, and the servants drove the flocks to the pastures of the king. They then carried the arms Ammon had severed from the men unto the king as evidence of Ammon's power.

Lamoni Becomes Converted

The servants reported to the king all that had happened. He was impressed with Ammon's faithfulness as a servant, but was more deeply affected by his power. King Lamoni and his followers believed in a Great Spirit who had created the world. Lamoni, hearing of the spectacular feats of Ammon, and believing the reports, drew the conclusion that Ammon was the Great Spirit. Fear crept into Lamoni's heart, for he realized that he had done wrong formerly by slaying his servants.

The king inquired concerning the whereabouts of Ammon. He was informed that Ammon was preparing the horses and chariots for Lamoni's trip to the land of Nephi. It was then that the king remembered that he had given his servants that assignment, for he was planning to attend a feast that was to be given by his father, who was king over all the Lamanites, and who had his headquarters in the land of Nephi. King Lamoni wanted to see this faithful servant, but he was afraid, for he still thought he must be the Great Spirit.

After Ammon had made ready the horses and chariots for their journey to the land of Nephi, he went to the king. Quickly observing a change in the king's countenance, ". . . he was about to return out of his presence" (Alma 18:12). One of the king's servants, knowing the desire of the king, detained Ammon, saying, ". . . Rabbanah, the king desireth thee to stay" (Alma 18:13).

Turning himself ". . . unto the king," Ammon asked, "What wilt thou that I should do for thee, O king?" (Alma 18:14). Twice Ammon asked the question and received no answer. Being filled with the Spirit, Ammon perceived the thoughts of the king, and asked:

> . . . Is it because thou hast heard that I defended thy servants and thy flocks, and slew seven of their brethren with the sling and with the sword, and smote off the arms of others, in order to defend thy flocks and thy servants; behold, is it this that causeth thy marvelings? (Alma 18:16)

Discerning that Ammon had power to read his thoughts, King Lamoni questioned him: ". . . Who art thou? Art thou that Great Spirit, who knows all things?" (Alma 18:18) Ammon answered "I am not." The king promised Ammon whatsoever he desired. In reply Ammon asked, ". . . Wilt thou

hearken unto my words, if I tell thee by what power I do these things? And this is the thing that I desire of thee" (Alma 18:22). Ammon then identified Lamoni's Great Spirit with God. Lamoni believed in the words of Ammon and asked, ". . . Art thou sent from God?" (Alma 18-33) Ammon told Lamoni, ". . . I am called by his Holy Spirit to teach these things unto this people, that they may be brought to a knowledge of that which is just and true" (Alma 18:34). Observing the receptive mind of Lamoni, Ammon then started with the story of the creation and instructed him concerning the fall and the redemption, and the many prophecies which appeared on the brass plates and on the records kept by the Nephites. The king believed the things which Ammon told him, including the account of the rebellion of Laman, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael. He prayed to the Lord for mercy, and then ". . . fell unto the earth, as if he were dead" (Alma 18:42). His servants carried him to his wife. He lay on the bed for two nights and two days as if he were dead:

> . . . and his wife, and his sons, and his daughters mourned over him, after the manner of the Lamanites, greatly lamenting his loss (Alma 18:43).

Before taking his body to the sepulchre, the queen, who had heard of Ammon's power, sent for him. When Ammon came she told him of her husband's condition. Ammon knew that he was not dead:

> . . . he knew that king Lamoni was under the power of God; he knew that the dark veil of unbelief was being cast away from his mind, and the light which did light up his mind, which was the light of the glory of God . . . yea, this light had infused such joy into his soul, the cloud of darkness having been dispelled, and that the light of everlasting life was lit up in his soul, yea, he knew that this had overcome his natural frame, and he was carried away in God (Alma 19:6).

The Queen's Great Faith

When Ammon saw the body of the king, he told the queen that the king would arise on the following day. The queen expressed complete faith in what Ammon told her, and Ammon said:

> . . . Blessed art thou because of thy exceeding faith; I say unto thee, woman, there has not been such great faith among all the people of the Nephites (Alma 19:10).

At the appointed time, the king arose. He told those present:

> . . . behold, I have seen my Redeemer; and he shall come forth, and be born of a woman, and he shall redeem all mankind who believe on his name. Now, when he had said these words, his heart was swollen within him, and he sunk again with joy; and the queen also sunk down, being overpowered by the Spirit (Alma 19:13).

Ammon ". . . fell upon his knees, and began to pour out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving to God . . . and he was also overpowered with joy . . ." (Alma 19:14).

Astounded by what had happened, the servants also began to pray and all except a Lamanitish woman, Abish, fell down and were overpowered by the Spirit.

Abish had been converted previously and knew it was the power of God which had produced this prostration of many people, supposing that if others saw the scene

and knew the circumstances that they also would accept the gospel. Abish went from house to house and soon had a multitude assembled.

Most of the assemblage, however, took a different attitude, feeling that the king by helping Ammon had brought evil to his people; others felt that the evil resulted from the king's having slain his servants. One of those present tried to kill Ammon with a sword, but he fell dead. The people marvelled and were afraid. Many said Ammon was the Great Spirit, and others that he was sent by him, but others said, ". . . he was a monster, who had been sent from the Nephites to torment them" (Alma 19:26).

When the contention became sharp as they tried to determine the cause of what they had seen, Abish took the queen by the hand and she arose and cried in a loud voice:

> . . . O blessed Jesus, who has saved me from an awful hell! O blessed God, have mercy on this people! (Alma 19:29).

The queen took the king by the hand, and he stood before her. He, seeing the contention, rebuked the people and taught them the words he had heard from Ammon. "As many as heard his words believed . . . But there were many . . . who would not hear his words; therefore they went their way" (Alma 19:31-32).

Soon Ammon arose, and then the others. All bore testimony that their hearts had been changed and said they no longer had any desire to do evil.

As a result of these miraculous happenings, Ammon was able to establish a Church among them, for many believed and were baptized. It was in this manner that the work of the Lord began among the Lamanites.

Ammon and Lamoni Go to Middoni

After the Church had been established in the land of Ishmael, King Lamoni wanted to introduce Ammon to his father, who was king over the land of Nephi. Lamoni asked Ammon to accompany him to that land. Ammon refused, saying that the Lord had commanded him to go to Middoni to secure the release of Aaron, Muloki, and Ammah from prison. Ammon invited Lamoni to go to Middoni with him. Lamoni agreed, saying that he could help, for Antiomno, king of that land, was his friend.

As Ammon and Lamoni were traveling, they met the father of Lamoni. When he saw his son with a Nephite, he was angry and reproved Lamoni for traveling with the son of a liar, for so he called the Nephites. And when he learned that his son and Ammon were going to secure the release of Nephites from prison, he chided his son saying:

> . . . He [Nephi] robbed our fathers; and now his children are also come amongst us that they may, by their cunning and their lyings, deceive us, that they again may rob us of our property (Alma 20:13).

The father of Lamoni commanded his son to kill Ammon. This Lamoni refused to do. It angered his father, who unsheathed his own sword to kill his son. Ammon interceded and overpowered him. Knowing that he was in Ammon's power, Lamoni's father agreed to re-

lease the missionaries, and to allow Lamoni to continue as king of the land of Ishmael and promised to govern him no more.

Ammon and Lamoni then went to Middoni and freed the missionaries. To see their condition aroused pity in Ammon's heart, for they were naked and their skin was raw from having been bound. They were also emaciated from lack of food and water and from other afflictions, but were patient in their sufferings.

Ammon and Lamoni returned from Middoni to the land of Ishmael, where King Lamoni helped Ammon to spread the gospel. They built synagogues and encouraged the people to meet together often to worship God. Lamoni told them they were a free people, free from the oppressions of his father, the king, and free to worship the Lord. The people were zealous in keeping the commandments.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why was Ammon willing to sacrifice so much to build the kingdom of God among the Lamanites?
2. What are some faith-promoting incidents in the life of Ammon?
3. How did the converted Lamanites reveal their faith?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 26—"But If Ye Will Nourish the Word, Yea, Nourish the Tree as It Beginneth to Grow, by Your Faith With Great Diligence, and With Patience, Looking Forward to the Fruit Thereof, It Shall Take Root; and Behold It Shall Be a Tree Springing Up Unto Everlasting Life" (Alma 32:41).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 2, 1954

Objective: To point out that faith and great diligence are required in order to gain life everlasting.

WHAT a beautiful parable is here given us — beautiful in language and glorious in context! Truly there is no more important message to be presented to mankind. Alma describes the requirements for growth of the good seed into the tree and shows how the "word" also must be nourished if the rich harvest is to be garnered and enjoyed. It is an apt comparison, as at every point it corresponds to the growing process of the "word of God" in one's life.

Alma urges us to make the experiment by planting the seed in our hearts, to see if it will swell and grow within us. If it does begin to swell and sprout or, in other words, if it begins to enlarge the soul and enlighten the understanding, then we can be sure that that seed is good, for those are the signs. When the seed is proved to be good, as it grows

into a tree it must be nourished with great care, that it may take root and be strong enough to put forth branches and bear fruit. Taking root is very necessary, for unless a tree is firmly anchored, the winds and the storms may uproot it.

When the fruit has finally ripened, it will be all that one could desire. Alma promises that the fruit is most precious, and is sweet above all that is sweet, and one may feast upon it until he is filled and shall never more hunger nor thirst.

Likewise, unless the word of God is firmly anchored in one's life, the adversities which beset mankind and the buffetings of Satan may shake it from its moorings. The tree, and likewise the "word" must not be neglected for any length of time, for no matter how promising a start is made, it must have continual nourishment and care or it will wither and die. It must be nourished by "faith with great diligence, and with patience."

Some people receive the word of God, but do not long continue its care or nourish it to maturity. They may be turned aside by criticism or prejudice or by worldly pursuits until their interest wanes. There are those who show initial interest in the "word" and then, as time passes, they do not put forth much effort in study and practicing the "word" to give it a fair trial. Finally they say, "It does not impress us. We are no longer interested."

The best things do not come to fruition without effort and care. We must nourish the word of God tenderly and continually, with faith, with study, with prayer, and with good works, as long as we shall live. Surely life eternal is worth working for! Life everlasting is the prize—the highest reward that can come to man.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Sewing Machines

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, November 9, 1954

ALONG with the cookstove and washer, the sewing machine has long been considered an indispensable piece of household equipment. It is a symbol of industry, the independence of women and their desire to create lovely things.

Sewing machines of reputable manufacturers, when given proper care, should last for many years. The purchase of one should come only after careful consideration and planning. As with all other kinds of household equipment, the prospective buyer would do well to acquaint herself with the performance of sev-

eral different makes of machines before deciding to buy a particular model. Compare prices, performance, guarantees, and available repair services. Home tests are among the most reliable sources of information regarding the performance of a piece of equipment.

One of the first points to decide on is the amount and kind of sewing for which the machine will be used. Often one can find exactly what suits her needs and circumstances best in the used sewing machine market. Before buying an old make, however, one should make sure that parts are available, should they be needed.

To handle a wider range in stitch styles, and for such specialty sewing as decorative stitching and embroidery work, the more versatile sewing needle or zig-zag machines have quite recently come into use. However, machines that make only a good straight seam are often all that a seamstress, who has little use for machine-made effects, needs.

The importance of buying from reputable manufacturers and dealers who will stand back of their sales cannot be overemphasized. The fact that a particular make can be paid for on a long-time payment plan, should be the least excuse for buying it. Credit is expensive, whether or not it is itemized as such. Only if the machine can begin to start paying for itself, should a long-time payment plan ever be given consideration.

There is also the choice between a cabinet or a portable machine. A cabinet with well supported leaves and sturdy legs gives good sewing support and is ready for instant use. A simply made but sturdily constructed cabinet, without drawers, may actually harmonize better with other room furnishings than would a more costly one with fancy decoration. Storage drawers for sewing supplies can usually be built into the sewing area of your home much less expensively than a cabinet with drawers. Where space is limited, and budget is overtaxed, the portable model will likely serve your needs best. Most companies have a good turn-in plan, if later one decides to purchase a cabinet model.

Every machine, regardless of make, model, or age deserves good care. Two main causes of machine failure are accumulations of dirt and lint, and lack of oil. Frequent use of a one-inch paint brush around the moving parts of your machine, will do much to ward off trouble later. Use it during your sewing day to remove lint and dust as it accumulates around the working parts. Both are damaging to the fine mechanism of your machine. Moisture from your breath as you attempt to blow away the lint accumulation, may actually damage the parts affected more than would the lint itself.

Sewing machines require high quality oil with a base that evaporates as the oil is used, whereas most other machines about the home require oil with a non-evaporating base. The frequency of oiling depends on the kind of materials being sewed, speed of the machine, and hours of actual sewing. The general rule is to oil after every eight hours of sewing. Use oil sparingly, but do not neglect a part that needs it. It is not the amount of oil used, but the timeliness of the application that is important. The

instruction book that comes with the machine contains valuable information regarding its use and care. Refer to it when making all minor adjustments, oiling, and doing general cleaning. It may save you many dollars.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Did you "buy" your sewing machine or was it "sold" to you?
2. Why did you buy the machine you did? What advice would you give a prospective buyer?
3. Have discussion by class members.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 42—John Ruskin (1819-1900)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watts, Anderson, pp. 501-527)

For Tuesday, November 16, 1954

Objective: To relate Ruskin's artistic and moral opinions to the problems of Victorian England which so aroused him to action.

WE all remember the charming fairy tale of the "King of the Golden River," with his hair all of spun gold, his twinkling eyes, and his coppery nose, and how he helped the kindhearted Gluck and turned the wicked brothers into black stones. The Englishman who wrote this story, John Ruskin, was not unlike the kind Gluck himself, for when his father had left him a great fortune he gave almost all of it away to found art museums and charitable institutions. The story ends, "And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure." Though Ruskin never got back his treasure, like Gluck, he certainly was never in want, for his writings on art and architecture, and, later, social reform were very profitable to him.

In every generation some few men have stood alone to define and defy the dominant evils of their time; but viewed in the perspective of time, how small is the handful of heroes who, regardless of consequence, have fought for principles, devoted their lives to truth, given all their means and life energy in their attempt to improve man's relationship to himself and his fellows.

No Victorian talked more or wrote more or did more to bring England from her then disgraceful status more nearly to where she should be than did Ruskin. In that "Age of the Ugly," he zealously preached the gospel of beauty and goodness. Few have hoped more nobly than he, and fought more valiantly against the selfish complacency of "a diseased society." John Ruskin will always be remembered as one of the most loyal guardians of the English conscience, and in time of wealth and power, one who arose to defend and revitalize the great moral principles which lie securely beneath England as her great foundation-stone. William J. Long says of him: "We are dealing with a great and good man who is himself

A Perry Picture Copyright 1908

JOHN RUSKIN
1819 - 1900

more inspiring than any of his books."

Ruskin was born in 1819, the only child of wealthy Scotch parents who maintained a beautiful estate outside London, a home justly famous for its hospitality and culture. Margaret, his handsome mother, was a devout believer in the rigid Calvinistic faith. Unsparing both herself and others, she knew the way her child should go. Because she feared for his moral and physical safety, she never allowed him any toys or playmates; he was educated at home by his parents. Each year, with alternate verses being read by his mother, he read every word in the Bible, his mother:

> . . . watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. . . . If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken.

In later years he spoke of his Bible training as "the one *essential* part of my education."

But while his mother was his moral, spiritual disciplinarian, it was his father who was his guide in the realms of beauty and the imagination. Consider what Ruskin later called their "sweetly selfish manner of living," in which young John was completely shielded from grief, strife, ugliness, or pain, with only himself to love:

> I never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor saw an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety. . . . I had never done any wrong that I knew of. . . .

And how they lived! His father came home promptly at four-thirty, and dined while he discussed affairs with his dutifully attending wife. Promptly at six, young John was admitted into the presence of his parents. Then:

> In summer time we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white-heart cherry tree; or in winter and rough weather, at six o'clock in the drawing-room,—I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread-and-butter; in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to me; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Idol in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her—and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

The authors his father read from stayed with Ruskin throughout his life: Pope and Byron, Cervantes, and particularly Shakespeare and Walter Scott.

Young John was most precocious, sufficiently so that both he and his parents came to regard him as a genius. At the age of four he could read and write; at seven he wrote good poetry, a long poem in three books at ten, and his first published article on the geological strata of Mt. Blanc at fifteen.

In his business as wine-broker Mr. Ruskin frequently took his wife and son with him on his travels, and at an early age John knew at firsthand all the magnificent castles and cathedrals of England. He came to regard nature as sacred and good, ". . . it was inconsistent with every evil feeling, with spite, anger, covetousness, discontent and every other hateful passion," Thus nature came to satisfy in the boy Ruskin a strong heart-hunger, even as it did when he was grown.

When he went to Oxford at age seventeen, he was entirely innocent of the imperfections of humanity. To keep him so his mother moved to Oxford to live with him there, and his father joined them on week-ends. He was never allowed to dance, or play physical games. To his keen mind, already whetted and plumbed, classroom lectures were most dull, and the best that can be said of his Oxford years is that they did not interfere as much as they might have with his true education.

When he was twenty-nine his mother contrived for him to marry beautiful, high-spirited Euphemia Gray, ten years his junior, for whom he had written the *King of the Golden River* seven years earlier. But the marriage was in name only, and after six years it became so painful to both parties that in 1854 it was annulled.

Modern Painters

Already devoted when twenty-four years of age to art, architecture, and nature, Ruskin wrote his first book (perhaps his best known). *Modern Painters* is a spirited defense of the paintings of Turner against the charge that he could not paint nature. Here Ruskin gives his definition of art and esthetics, but for the most part the book is famous for the magnificent rhetorical descriptions of nature, such as his portrait of the sea (text, pp. 503-504). He describes a sea-storm as:

> . . . the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery, from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long . . . and their masses . . . are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water (page 503, lines 6-18; 20-21; and 22-25. Read also page 504, lines 23-70; and page 511, lines 45-79.)

As we can see in the above description, Ruskin's best poetic, imaginative style, filled with rich colorings and full cadences, has genuine literary value, as well as great sincerity and zeal for whatever he is describing. For here, as throughout his life, Ruskin often became so

attached to a theory or conviction that he seems convinced that everything he says is the last, final, and true word on the subject, and this he proceeds to preach powerfully, sometimes in complete disregard of actual facts to the contrary. Bitter satire, garrulity, belligerency, and conceit are blemishes in both his character and his writings. But despite these weaknesses, his nobility and his burning indignation at the ills of England shine forth brilliantly.

Theory of Art

It is self-evident that, throughout his life, Ruskin was a romantic, but the sources of his romantic artistic values were always idealistic and moral. Inevitably for Ruskin great art produced beauty, but never at the expense of truth or morality.

> Great art is produced by men who feel acutely and nobly; and it is in some sort an expression of this personal feeling (text, page 506, lines 61-63).

But when the artist re-creates the facts of nature, he hopes to capture as many facts as possible; not, however, by reason alone, but by employing a higher power—his creative imagination. Or as Ruskin says:

> The virtue of the imagination is its reaching, by intuition and intensity of gaze . . . a more essential truth than is seen at the surface of things.

Thus, for Ruskin, art is almost a spiritual experience as defined by him, art in its beauty and truth could never be produced by any man whose character is not beautiful, moral, and good. According to Ruskin:

> . . . a rotten society cannot produce pure art. You cannot have a landscape by Turner without a country for him to paint; you cannot have a portrait by Titian without a man to be portrayed. . . . The beginning of art is in getting our country clean, and our people beautiful. (Read also page 525, lines 78-88.)

Or, in other words, no bad man can produce great art, nor can any bad man or nation provide subjects worthy of great artists.

Likewise, in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, written in praise of the Gothic style, Ruskin states his firm conviction that "certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture had been produced." The following excerpt is typical of his high ideals:

> When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think as we lay stone on stone that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us!"

Sesame and Lilies

Three lectures not found in our text "Sesame and Lilies", (1865) deal with the reading, education, and duties of women, and "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts." The following extract is from "Sesame": "Of King's Treasuries," pp. 47-48:

> . . . there is a society continually open to us of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation,—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long (kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it), in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms,

our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long. . . .

From "Lilies": "Of Queens' Gardens," page 146:

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistenly-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love . . . so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home. . . .

Ruskin, the Reformer

From his earliest writings Ruskin's belief in the moral origins of great art is evident. As the years passed, he became increasingly convinced that before England could know great art, she herself must be cleansed. And looking about him, in the actual slums of London and industrial England, Ruskin was appalled, and sickened. Suddenly he was so shaken by actuality that in 1860 he forsook art criticism for social and economic interests, to the great distress of his father. Always ready to acknowledge his debt to Carlyle, he now surpassed his master, both in a deeper sensitiveness to the problems, and in the depth and breadth of his piercing insight as he probed beneath the surface of England to define her diseased vitals.

He hated the greed and love of wealth which reigned supreme; he feared economic indifference for the lot of the poor; he worried because the rising class of middle-class Englishmen worshiped Mammon and the spirit of "Getting-On." But most of all he hated industrialism, and the effect of assembly-line practices in making man himself a machine. Ruskin believed that men who were forced by economic necessity to do monotonous, trivial tasks all day were incapable of knowing beauty. He believed such a man's resentment of his job or his wage prevented him from doing his best. Read text, pp. 515-527.

Ruskin would have employers treat employees with affection and understanding; he would inspire merchants and craftsmen to the same heroic, gallant attitude toward their tasks that a soldier feels toward his profession. Then, he maintains, the world would be animated by the central faith in good citizenship through service to society. Then we would be preparing ourselves to create and enjoy the beautiful thing that life can be and is not.

Then the prevailing attitude toward art and literature would not be superficial and trivial; then people would cease to love money and things more than their fellow men: then, and only then, could the great principles of brotherly love and Christian principles prevail. Ruskin's convictions are summarized in these lines:

There is no wealth but life. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble happy human beings.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What in Ruskin's childhood do you feel desirable? Undesirable?
2. For Ruskin what is the origin of beauty?
3. Why does Ruskin forsake artistic for social criticism? How are the two interrelated?
4. Why did Ruskin so violently oppose industrialism, mass production, and the assembly line?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

(It is recommended that each Relief Society member read the text of the Constitution relating to each lesson as printed before the lesson)

TEXT OF ARTICLE I (C. of U. S. pp. 271-275)

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the Age of twenty-five Years, and been seven Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective Numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole Number of free Persons, including those bound to Service for a Term of Years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other Persons. The actual Enumeration shall be made within three Years after the first Meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent Term of ten Years, in such Manner as they shall by Law direct. The Number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty Thousand, but each State shall have at Least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to chuse three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations one, Connecticut five, New-York six, New Jersey four, Pennsylvania eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina five, South Carolina five, and Georgia three.

When vacancies happen in the Representation from any State, the Executive Authority thereof shall issue Writs of Election to fill such Vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall chuse their Speaker and other Officers; and shall have the sole Power of Impeachment.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years; and each Senator shall have one Vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in Consequence of the first Election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three Classes. The Seats of the Senators of the first Class shall be vacated at the Expiration of the second Year, of the second Class at the Expiration of the fourth Year, and of the third Class at the Expiration of the sixth Year, so that one-third may be chosen every second Year; and if Vacancies happen by Resignation, or otherwise, during the Recess of the Legislature of any State, the Executive thereof may make temporary Appointments until the next Meeting of the Legislature, which shall then fill such Vacancies.

No Person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the Age of thirty Years, and been nine Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an Inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no Vote, unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall chuse their other Officers, and also a President pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice-President, or when he shall exercise the Office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments. When sitting for that Purpose, they shall be on Oath or Affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: And no Person shall be convicted without the Concurrence of two thirds of the Members present.

Judgment in Cases of Impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any Office of honor, Trust, or Profit under the United States: but the Party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to Indictment, Trial, Judgment and Punishment, according to Law.

Section 4. The Times, Places, and Manner of holding Elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law make or alter such Regulations, except as to the Places of chusing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by Law appoint a different Day.

Section 5. Each House shall be the Judge of the Elections, Returns and Qualifications of its own Members, and a Majority of each shall constitute a Quorum to do Business; but a smaller Number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the Attendance of absent Members, in such Manner, and under such Penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the Rules of its Proceedings, punish its Members for disorderly Behavior and, with the Concurrence of two thirds, expel a Member.

Each House shall keep a Journal of its Proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such Parts as may in their Judgment require Secrecy; and the Yeas and Nays of the Members of either House on any question shall, at the Desire of one fifth of those Present, be entered on the Journal.

Neither House, during the Session of Congress, shall without the Consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other Place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a Compensation for their Services, to be ascertained by Law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall in all Cases, except Treason, Felony, and Breach of Peace, be privileged from Arrest during their Attendance at the Session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any Speech or Debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other Place.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the Time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil Office under the Authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the Emoluments whereof shall have been encreased during such time; and no Person holding any Office under the United States, shall be a Member of either House during his Continuance in Office.

Section 7. All bills for raising Revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with Amendments as on other bills.

Every Bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a Law, be presented to the President of the United States; If he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his Objections to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the Objections at large on their Journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such Reconsideration two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the Bill, it shall be sent, together with the Objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that House, it shall become a Law. But in all such Cases the Votes of both Houses shall be determined by Yeas and Nays and the Names of the Persons voting for and against the Bill shall be entered on the Journal of each House respectively. If any Bill shall not be returned by the President within ten Days (Sundays excepted)

after it shall have been presented to him the Same shall be a Law, in like Manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their Adjournment prevent its Return, in which Case it shall not be a Law.

Every Order, Resolution, or Vote to which the Concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of Adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and, before the Same shall take Effect, shall be approved by him, or, being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the Rules and Limitations prescribed in the Case of a Bill.

Section 8. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States; but all Duties, Imposts and Excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;

To borrow Money on the credit of the United States;

To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes;

To establish an uniform Rule of Naturalization, and uniform Laws on the subject of Bankruptcies throughout the United States;

To coin Money, regulate the Value thereof, and of foreign Coin, and fix the Standard of Weights and Measures;

To provide for the Punishment of counterfeiting the Securities and current Coin of the United States;

To establish Post Offices and post Roads;

To promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries;

To constitute Tribunals inferior to the supreme Court;

To define and punish Piracies and Felonies committed on the high Seas, and Offenses against the Law of Nations;

To declare War, grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal and make Rules concerning Captures on Land and Water;

To raise and support Armies, but no Appropriation of Money to that Use shall be for a longer Term than two Years;

To provide and maintain a Navy;

To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces;

To provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections and repel Invasions;

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the Militia, and for governing such Part of them as may be employed in the Service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the Appointment of the Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress;

To exercise exclusive Legislation in all Cases whatsoever, over such District (not exceeding ten Miles square) as may, by Cession of particular States, and the Acceptance of Congress, become the Seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like Authority over all Places purchased by the Consent of the Legislature of the State in which the Same shall be, for the Erection of Forts, Magazines, Arsenals, Dock-Yards, and other needful Buildings;—And

To make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Office thereof.

Section 9. The Migration or Importation of such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a Tax or duty may be imposed on such Importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each Person.

The privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in Cases of Rebellion or Invasion the public Safety may require it.

No Bill of Attainder or ex post facto Law shall be passed.

No Capitation, or other direct, Tax shall be laid unless in Proportion to the Census or Enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

No Tax or Duty shall be laid on Articles exported from any State.

No Preference shall be given by any Regulation of Commerce or Revenue to the Ports of one State over those of another: nor shall Vessels bound to, or from, one State, be obliged to enter, clear, or pay Duties in another.

No money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in Consequence of Appropriations made by Law; and a regular Statement and Account of the Receipts and Expenditures of all public Money shall be published from time to time.

No Title of Nobility shall be granted by the United States: And no Person holding any Office of Profit or Trust under them, shall, without the Consent of the Congress, accept of any present, Emolument, Office, or Title, of any kind whatever, from any King, Prince, or foreign State.

Section 10. No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money; emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts; pass any Bill of Attainder, ex post facto Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts, or grant any Title of Nobility.

No State shall, without the Consent of the Congress, lay any Imposts or Duties on Imports or Exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection Laws: and the net Produce of all Duties and Imposts, laid by any State on Imports or Exports, shall be for the Use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such Laws shall be subject to the Revision and control of the Congress.

No State shall, without the Consent of Congress, lay any duty of Tonnage, keep Troops, or Ships of War in time of Peace, enter into any Agreement or Compact with another State, or with a foreign Power, or engage in War, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent Danger as will not admit of delay.

Lesson 9—Its Form and Content—The Legislative Department—Article I

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Text: *Your Rugged Constitution*, (*Y. R. C.*), pp. 14-109; *The Constitution of the United States, Its Sources and Its Application*, (*C. of U. S.*), pp. 7-97.

For Tuesday, November 23, 1954

Objective: To consider the powers, functions, offices, and purposes of the Legislative Department and its relation to the other departments of the Government of the United States.

IN a previous lesson (No. 6 for April 1953), it was pointed out that the Constitution of the United States was drafted in a relatively short period of time—May 25th to September 17, 1787. As a literary document and model of draftsmanship its excellence is of an extraordinarily high order. However, we are much more concerned with its political significance than we are with its literary merit. Time and space must therefore be devoted to consideration of its political principles and the way in which these principles have affected the destiny of this nation.

To the framers of the Constitution and to the great judges who, early in its history, firmly established it as the foundation of our national life, must go the credit of building the base upon which was founded the greatest nation the world has ever seen.

Preliminary to a study of the principles of the Constitution, it is of importance to consider its arrange-

ment and content. It is strongly recommended that time be taken by each member of the Relief Society to read it through. Since the Constitution contains only some six thousand words, this can be accomplished in less than one hour of careful reading. Brief though it is, the Constitution has been the subject of countless writings. These words fill thousands of volumes and constitute whole libraries.

The Constitution as framed in 1787 was composed of seven Articles, divided into sections and clauses:

Article I. The Legislative Department (The Congress)

Article II. The Executive Department (The President)

Article III. The Judicial Department (The Courts)

Article IV. Concerning the States and Federal Government

Article V. Method of Making Amendments

Article VI. Miscellaneous Provisions.

Article VII. Ratifying and Establishing the Constitution.

The first Congress of the United States under the new Constitution adopted Ten Amendments, June 15, 1791. These are known as the Bill of Rights "which were written in restraint of National power against the people and the States, in addition to like curbs in the body of the Constitution" (*C. of U. S.*, page 227). Twelve additional Amendments have (1954) been proposed and ratified by the states. These are referred to both as Amendments and Articles 1-22. In these lessons we shall refer to them as Amendments.

The Legislative Department

Article I of the Constitution makes provision for the Legislative Department of the Government. All legislative (law making) power under the Constitution is lodged in Congress. No other department or division of the Government has any power to enact laws. Following the pattern of the English Parliament, and most of the state governments, the legislative branch was divided into two houses—a House of Representatives and a Senate. Without going too deeply into the details of the respective organizations of each of the houses of Congress, it will suffice to say that the House of Representatives was intended to be more responsive to public opinion than the Senate. The members of the House are elected every two years in districts based upon population. For this reason the larger states by population have greater representation than do the smaller, less populated states. On the other hand, each state has two Senators regardless of population.

Until the enactment of the Seventeenth Amendment, the state legislatures elected the Senators. They were not chosen by direct popular will. Now, however, under the Seventeenth Amendment, which became effective May 31, 1913, United States Senators are elected by direct popular vote.

To be eligible for membership in the House of Representatives, a member, popularly called a Congressman, must be twenty-five years of age, a citizen of the United States for seven years and a resident or inhabitant of the state wherein he is elected. A Senator must be at least thirty years of age, nine

years a citizen of the United States, and shall be a resident of the state from which he is chosen (elected).

The House of Representatives is presided over by a chairman or presiding officer called "The Speaker." The Senate is presided over by the Vice-President of the United States.

To the House of Representatives is given the power to initiate all revenue bills. That is to say, levying of taxes. The levying of taxes is thus placed in the hands of the representatives of the people. The Senate may, and frequently does, propose Amendments to revenue bills.

The House of Representatives has the sole power of impeachment. Impeachment is the trial and removal of officers of the United States for misfeasance or malfeasance in office. In impeachment cases the Senate acts as a court and, when the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presides at the trial.

Each branch of the Legislative Department adopts its own rules of procedure and is the sole judge of the qualification of its members and each keeps a record of its proceedings. The Senators and Representatives receive compensation fixed by law for their services and are privileged from arrest during attendance at sessions of Congress. They have no such privilege in cases involving treason, felony, or breach of the peace.

Members of Congress may hold no other civil office under the authority of the United States during their term in office.

Section 8 of Article I contains eighteen clauses which confer specific powers upon Congress. Section

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9 of Article I enumerates certain powers which are denied to Congress as set forth in eight clauses. The following statements will serve as a basis for discussion:

Congress May:

The following powers are specifically conferred upon Congress by Section 8 of Article 1: (See *Y. R. C.*, pp. 64-93; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 43-82.)

1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general Welfare of the United States. However, all duties, imposts and excises must be uniform throughout the United States. In addition, Congress has received a grant of power to levy taxes upon incomes under the Sixteenth Amendment. This Amendment became law February 25, 1913 and will be discussed in more detail in a later lesson in this series.

2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.

3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states and with the Indian tribes.

4. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization and uniform laws of bankruptcy throughout the United States.

5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix standards of weights and measures.

6. To provide punishments for counterfeiting the securities and coin of the United States.

7. To establish post offices and post roads.

8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for a limited time to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.

9. To establish a system of Federal courts inferior to the Supreme Court.

10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas and offenses against the law of nations.

11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal and make rules governing captures on land and water. (See *Y. R. C.*, page 84; *C. of U. S.*, page 70.)

12. To raise and support armies. However, no appropriation for this purpose may be for more than two years.

13. To provide and maintain a navy.

14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

15. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions.

16. To provide for organizing, training, and disciplining the militia.

17. To legislate exclusively over any district (The District of Columbia) set aside for the seat of the National Government.

18. To make all laws necessary and proper to carry into execution all of the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States or in any department or office thereof.

Congress May Not:

The following clauses (Section 9) enumerate the powers which are specifically denied to the Govern-

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ment. (See Y. R. C., pp. 94-103; C. of U. S., pp. 82-90.) They are:

1. Until 1808 Congress was forbidden to prohibit the importation of slaves.

2. The privilege of *habeas corpus* may not be suspended, unless, when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it (Y. R. C., page 95; C. of U. S., page 82).

3. No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed. A bill of attainder is a law punishing a person for a crime without a trial. An ex post facto law is one which makes an act a crime which, when committed, was not criminal in its consequences. It is also any law which increases the punishment for an existing crime or changes the procedure or evidence to make conviction easier.

4. No capitation (head) or other direct tax may be levied unless in proportion to the "Census or Enumeration." A capitation tax is one placed upon individuals and not upon property. As will be later discussed, the Sixteenth Amendment providing for the income tax law changed this provision of the original Constitution.

5. Congress may not levy a tax or duty upon any article exported from any state.

6. No preferences may be given to the ports of one state over those of another by regulation or by revenue and no vessel bound to or from one state shall be obliged to enter clear or pay duties in another.

7. No money may be drawn from the Treasury of the United States except by appropriation made by law, and statements and accounts of receipts and expenditures of public money shall be published from time to time.

8. Congress may grant no title of nobility and no person holding office under the United States may, without consent of Congress, accept any present, emolument, office, or title from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Article I also imposes some legislative restrictions upon the state governments. Section 10 of Article I defines these limitations. (Y.R.C., page 104; C. of U. S., page 90).

No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money, emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin as tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder or ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Which department of the Government of the United States has power to make laws?

2. What are the divisions of the Legislative Department?

3. Why is the House of Representatives considered "responsive to the people"? How are members of the House of Representatives chosen and for what term of office? What is the basis for determining the number of representatives?

4. How are members of the Senate chosen and for what term of office? How many Senators is every state entitled to elect?

5. What are the qualifications for membership in each house of Congress?

6. By what title are the presiding officers of each house of Congress called?

7. Which house may initiate revenue (tax) bills in Congress? Vote articles of impeachment?

8. Who determine the qualifications of the members of Congress?

9. Enumerate some of the powers conferred upon Congress under Article I. Name some of the powers specifically withheld from Congress.

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Vesta N. Lukei

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Of waves, then, quick
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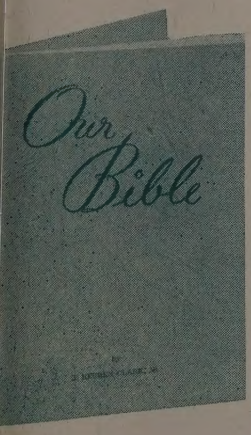

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